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UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER VII.

"'Twas one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow."

No one who followed the little party that morning could have guessed the bitterness that only a few hours before had filled at least one soul among them. Even the cares of daily living hold untold compensation, and as Catherine Boynton had passed from one light household task to another she had murmured half-audibly, "Oh, the blessed pressure of little things!"

When brain is filled with the thought of work to be done and the knowledge that its accomplishment is sure; when hands find many offices and know that their touch on the helm is essential to the safe passage of the home bark, whether great or small, personal needs sink out of sight, or if they at times assert themselves, as needs will, their reign is short, and the same strength that knows how to silence them goes out enlarged from the conflict and filled with the divine energy flowing from such strife.

Sorrow drags one down to the earth, yet in its very midst strength is born from the touch and the soul that, for the moment groveled, rises with a new strength and knows that here at last is the secret of sorrow. Out of the eater comes forth meat, and from earth to the serene upper air is the rebound of the spirit that must draw from both for its fullest life.

So this morning she gave full scope to the mood that moved them all. The years slipped away as they rode under the sunshine with a free, glad wind coming up from the bay, playing with Sylvia's fair curls and doing its will with Geike's long mane and the Professor's bushy locks. Charley stepped high and gave the impression of great speed, contradicted hopelessly by the fact that an ancient clam-wagon drawn by the mere shadow of a horse had left him far behind.

Charley was one of the Professor's early investments in farm life. Captivated by his size and general stateliness, the proud manner in which his head was held and the majestic sweep of tail, the Professor had bought him on the spot, discovering too late that not seven but fourteen years had rolled over him and that this prance and general sense of lightning-like rapidity resulted in five miles an hour.

However, Charley's good points were an atonement. No horse could have eaten sugar or taken bits of bread with more delicate grace; none have whinnied with more delight at human companionship or understood so well the peculiarities of the Professor's driving. Let that abstracted and distracted man flap the reins with fury or drop them altogether, it made no difference. Charley knew butchers and bakers and even candlestick makers; threaded his way through all entanglement of market and fish wagons and ended at the post-office, all with such tossings of mane and impressive curvings of neck and limb as struck terror to the souls of old ladies and small children, and made even the owners of genuinely fast horses pause for a moment with the sense that here was an uncommon man driving an uncommon horse.

Even when they looked for both to vanish, so strong was this sense of never-accomplished speed, the continued presence was accounted for on the ground of enormous discretion in the driver and an expenditure of force in holding in, sufficient to

have guided the steeds of the sun themselves. Fred enjoyed the delusion as thoroughly as the Professor, and Charley encouraged it by glances back from his brilliant eyes and now and then a low neigh which seemed to say, "Admire me. Don't you see how I am getting over the ground."

"He'd prance all day in a peck measure," Elias said, he and Miss Boynton alone penetrating the real truth and railing against such imposition, but to-day she did not mind and had even provided a few lumps of sugar for the hypocrite's dessert on the shore.

Geike, a thorough coward where horses were concerned, gazed apprehensively at these alarming indications of skittishness and clutched the Professor convulsively as Fred lay back, barely able, apparently, to resist the might of pulling bit and rein, or sitting with feet braced and squarely held elbows, drove at a seeming rate of twenty miles an hour. Sylvia on a small stool in front, or sometimes held between the Professor's knees, preserved her usual quiet, a quiet holding the rare quality of companionship and never indicating any deficiency in ability to talk had she wished. So they journeyed on till the blue waters of the bay lay before them and the sweep of white sand locking it in.

Only at one point was there any break, and that where the stream we have already seen crawled slowly through meadows of salt grass and entered the bay with no perceptible ripple. Far back near a line of cedars a low farmhouse stood, and nearer at hand a rude hut where during the duck season sportsmen lay in hiding. The old house had long been deserted and only a portion was now inhabited. In two rooms, refloored with boards robbed from the rest, Jim Berry, a surly and silent negro whose history no one knew, had taken up his abode and lived in ways best known to himself. His boat lay outside the bar for hours at a time, and it was reported in the store that strange packages of smuggled goods, swathed in oiled silk, were dropped from ships sailing up to port and that the haunted garret of the old house held something beside ghosts.

Every crime from counterfeiting to murder had lain for awhile at Berry's door and then passed on, no one person daring to take the responsibility of investigation and the general sense of the community rather protesting against any action that should remove the cloak of mystery and leave only bare fact in its place. In the meantime several well-kept boats attested his knowledge of water-craft, and rising and falling now from the gayly painted buoy at the end of the tiny wharf made a pretty picture in the morning sun.

As they stood waiting, while Fred drove the rockaway to the nearest fence and releasing Charley from the shafts tied him to a post, Berry appeared; a tall grim figure in a sailor's blue shirt listening for a moment to the wishes of the party, and then going back to his house for his own lines and bait.

Sylvia ran out to the end of the low wharf built by Berry since his settling there, and sitting down looked into the water, here only a few feet deep and giving full view of the bottom, chiefly white sand, covered here and there by clumps of waving sea-weed,

from which crabs sidled furtively, returning with speed to their deepest recesses as a larger fish shot over them and then turned to deeper water.

Sylvia's eyes grew dreamy. This soft plash of the retreating tide, no louder than the lap of an inland lake on its quiet shore, had in it no suggestion of the fierce waves, the beating angry breakers of the island she remembered. She took her place with the rest, and as Berry's long strokes sent them swiftly out toward the sea at first trailed her hand in the water and tried to follow the course of the sunfish deep below slowly lifting their cup-like bodies and long straying filaments to the surface. But suddenly, as some strange fish shot up and looked for a moment with blank, ugly eyes into her face, she cried out and threw herself over toward Miss Boynton.

"Take me back!" she cried, deadly pale and gasping. "Take me back quick! I shall die out here!"

"Back fast as you can," ordered the startled Professor, and Berry turned, his swift strokes soon bringing them to the wharf again. Sylvia's face regained its color as they lifted her out.

"Oh, I am ashamed!" she said. "But I must not go out. Let me stay here while you go."

"But why?" asked the Professor, a little doubtful as to his best course, and anxious if possible to break this spell. "I cannot let you be foolish, can I, Sylvia?"

"I am not foolish," she said. "I will sit here or in the sand. I like the sand, but I cannot be on the deep water; I will not be on the deep water where in a minute I might be in."

"But then we should be in, too."

"No, you would not, because there isn't anything to pull you in. But out there just now I was pulled. I should be lost in a minute. I can't go again."

Geike looked at the child speculatively. "She has right," he said. "Let her stay. She is safe enough, for no one comes, and we shall all the while be in sight. It is her instinct, and why not when you know whence it comes?"

"I will stay, too," said Miss Boynton.

"No, no," said Sylvia, eagerly. "I did not mean to spoil everything. You must not. I shall gather some shells and watch Charley, and perhaps I shall make a place to roast some clams. I know how. Do go."

"I don't know about a boat-load of sane people yielding to the freak of a little mid-geet like that," the Professor grumbled as once more they shot out to deep water, and Sylvia after waving her hat turned to the shore and began filling her pocket with the small shells at high-water mark. Farther up the beach dwelt a colony of "fiddlers," a tiny crab, with one heavy claw, larger and longer than the whole body. At first scuttling into their holes as she came near, her silence brought renewed confidence, and they appeared brandishing their one claw, at first defiantly, then deprecatingly, and finally going on with their small houses keeping quite indifferent to her presence.

In a little pool left by the tide a sea-spider moved briskly and some delicate seaweeds, pink and green, floated lightly. A soldier crab peered from a snail-shell a world too wide for him, his active feelers and bright eyes giving him an expression of vigorous curiosity—a small incarnation of the spirit of investigation.

Sylvia watched it all eagerly, wishing that she could be in one of the fiddler's holes and see just how they lived, but realizing, as a momentary temptation to dig came over her, that once reached it would be its home no longer and she none the wiser. Then an indiscreet clam near by sent up its small and spiteful shower of sand and water, and soon was unearthed and laid with others of his brethren on a pile of seaweed. Sylvia's bit of driftwood was not a very efficient spade, but there were plenty of clams for a lunch, and gathering some dry seaweed she brought a match from the carriage-box and soon had a bright fire blazing. Wrapped in more seaweed and laid in the light embers, the clams, sputtering and protesting, soon yielded themselves up, and Sylvia, with a sense of victory over circumstances, ate them every one and then made a border of the shells about a sand pyramid, tem-



SYLVIA'S TROUBLES.

pered and held in shape by water from the little pool at hand.

One clam was offered to Charley, who tested it with his long tongue, then shook his head disgustedly and neighed long and loud. Geike stood up to see if all was right, announced that the child was eating and therefore in a normal condition again, and returned to his line calmly indifferent as to whether it held a fish or not. Miss Boynton fished with characteristic energy and daintiness, and the Professor alternately threw his line enthusiastically, peered through the water curiously as if he could thus hasten results, pulled off the painfully small fish, his only portion, with disgust, and returned the line with fury.

"You do it all wrong," said Geike, sleepily. "It is bad to put a day's energy in one throw. You burn up, John. Will you not ever learn to move as I?"

"Heaven forbid!" said the Professor. "Every man in his own fashion. Haven't we had enough of this? It is two o'clock, and I want my dinner."

Berry rowed slowly to shore, where Sylvia who had seen them turn had already kindled another fire, adding now all the bits of driftwood she could find, to insure its lasting. Berry brought down a pail of clams dug that morning, and Geike superintended their packing in sea-weed, and snuffed up the savory odor of their roasting with delight.

Coffee was made in a great tin pot in quantity proportioned to his probable demand, a cloth spread on the sand and the contents of the basket transferred to it, and while some of the more delicate fish sputtered in the pan that Berry brought down, the dinner began.

"If I were but a cherub," Geike said, as he sought to balance two plates on his knee—"There! my best clam, all one juice, is spilled over me. And this fly that crawls and licks his legs. That is all that spoils it. If a cherub now, I should sit on my neck and while my mouth was happy, fan with my wings all these bugs and creeping things away. But no. I reflect. There is no stomach for those organizations. I wish not to be a cherub. With brain and stomach, what so glorious as man?"

Fred burst into a laugh as Geike waved his clam-shell enthusiastically.

"Wait till dyspepsia comes," said Miss Boynton. "It will come some day with all the abominable mixtures you eat, and then you will revert to your desire to be a cherub."

"It will not come," Geike answered. "No. That is for Americans with their boiling coffee at one end and the meal and ice-water at the other, and twenty wickednesses between. I, I eat my bread and drink my coffee and then work till my dinner comes, and I have sense enough to sleep afterward before I work again. There is no dyspepsia for sanity as that."

"The flies are pestiferous if the breeze lulls a moment," the Professor said, dipping one out of his cup of coffee, and waving away a deputation from his plate.

"That makes me to remember what I have not told you before," said Geike, holding out his cup for more. "As I work at night in my room with much light, I see hundreds, yes thousands of flies it must be. They should sleep at night. That is their custom you know, and yet they fly everywhere to the light and fall dead as silly moths. So I am sure that something is wrong, and watch. I take one to see. I say there is defect in this fly's mind and I will investigate it. So I dissect him. I lay his brain on my slide, and what think you I find? There is a parasite in its midst; a parasite the five-hundredth of an inch in length, and eating, eating, eating. I examine more. It is all the same, and I find these flies insane. What is it you say? Mad as March hares, and committing suicide to be out of their troubles. I have much detesting of flies. They are unclean. How know I but that they come from carrion to walk in my clam! Away!"

Geike tossed aside his shells and rose up with no thought of what effect his words might produce on other appetites, which fortunately were satisfied. Retreating to some distance up the beach he sat down, burrowing a sort of nest in the soft sand, and lighting his pipe.

"Now let no one talk to me," he said. "I would be still. I am most content. It is the calm of the oyster with the joy of the seraph. I will be still."

The Professor stretched himself by him, pulling his hat over his eyes, and the pair were soon asleep. Miss Boynton sat near, drowsily enjoying the fresh soft wind, yet keeping awake enough to fan away all intrusive insects.

"You go to sleep too and I'll take care of you all," Sylvia said, but Miss Boynton shook her head. Fred strolled up to Berry's to look at his guns and Sylvia wandered along the beach, unconscious of what distance she was putting between herself and her party, and picking up shells as she went. Far round on the south shore she could see the old clam-man, who when tired of digging varied the monotony of that form of clamming by slipping off all garments but his pea-jacket, wading in towing an old wash-tub behind him, and feeling along the bottom with his toes for promising clams. Long practice had made him an expert, and he had some time before informed Aunt Mary confidentially, that for hot weather he decidedly preferred clamming by natural methods to the back-breaking work with the spade.

Sylvia laughed her rippling little laugh as she looked over to him and recalled Aunt Mary's expression of horrified interest, and then she strolled on, presently sitting down and letting the sand run idly between her fingers. The splash of oars roused her presently, and she looked up to see Clarkson Van Dusen rapidly rowing to shore. To run was the first impulse. Then she sat still, for though half a mile at least lay between her and her friends, they were plainly to be seen.

"Hallo, Sylvia!" Clarkson said, pleasantly enough. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing?" Sylvia answered. "I didn't know that you could row."

"I suppose you thought nobody but Fred Keble could row, but they can," Clarkson rejoined, running his boat on the shore and jumping out. "I've been down here fishing ever since I can remember, and old Ludlam clamming over there showed me how to row. Come out awhile."

"No," said Sylvia quickly. "I don't want to."

"Why not? Afraid?"

"I don't care about it."

"Come, Sylvia. Only a little way. I came over here on purpose to get you. I saw you at dinner and said I would then." Clarkson looked almost amiable. Perhaps he was sorry for having plagued her in the wood. Sylvia looked at him, wondering if this could be.

"Come," he urged. "Just a little way to see how nice the boat goes. It's my boat."

"I don't want to go out far."

"Well, you needn't. We'll just row along by the shore where we can see bottom. Come."

Why Sylvia yielded she could not have told, then or ever after, but she followed and took her place in the boat mechanically. Clarkson pushed off, and for a short time rowed near the shore. Fred came down from Berry's, saw the pair in the boat and wondering who Sylvia could be with or why she was in a boat at all, unfastened one of the smaller ones at the buoy and began paddling slowly about, debating if he would go after her or let her return at her own will. Something inclined him to be nearer and he rowed carelessly toward them, quickening his stroke as the sound of excited voices came to him.

Clarkson had suddenly bent to his oars and made swiftly for deeper water. Sylvia started and grew a little pale.

"Don't Clarkson," she said. "You said you'd keep near shore. I don't like the deep water. Please go back."

"Please go back," repeated Clarkson, mimicking her tone. "No, Sylvia Boynton, or Sylvia No-name-at-all; I know you don't like the water, and I mean you shall have enough of it. I saw you put back this morning, and I made up my mind then how I could be even with you. You can't fight me and tell on me without paying for it, and I get even every time. I don't mind waiting either. I like to wait. It's all the better fun to pay up when the chance comes. I'm glad you are scared. You'll be more so before I'm through."

Sylvia gave one despairing look around. "You are a wicked boy. You deserve to die," she said. "You shall put me back. Put me back now!"

Clarkson's only answer was to row, and as he rowed he rocked the boat till water came in on either side. Sylvia's face was deadly white. Dark rings had come about her eyes. Clarkson laughed as he saw her terror.

"Good!" he shouted. "Oh, what fun!"

Sylvia shut her eyes and tried not to see, but they opened wide in spite of her will.

"It's pulling me! It's pulling me!" she cried, holding to the boat convulsively. Then she rose slowly as if compelled, look-

ing down to the dancing water, and with one wild scream that rang over the silent bay, and made the oars drop from her tormenter's trembling hand, she sprang to the shadow in the depths and was lost to sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Not unless God made sharp thine ear,
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou
Its heavy tale divine."

"MEIN Gott! Was ist los?" cried Geike, roused from sleep and springing up suddenly. What a sound was that! What is it?"

"A loon," the Professor said sleepily, and rubbing his eyes. "Don't you know their cry is half human. Catherine, are you mad? What do you mean?"

Miss Boynton had sprung up, and now a cry wild as that that had sounded a moment before came from her.

"My God! It is Sylvia! She has fallen overboard. See! I saw her that moment! Row, Fred! Row! Oh, my God! Can't somebody save her?"

She fell on her knees and clasped her hands while Geike and her brother flew to the boats. Berry too had heard and came with great leaps across the fields; and Fred who before the final cry had recognized Sylvia's companion, pulled frantically toward the boat where Clarkson sat crying and helpless with fear.

"Back!" Berry said to the two men. "You only hinder!" and in a moment he was flying with long, smooth strokes toward the spot. Fred had reached it already, thrown off his jacket and dived from his boat. Berry swore between his teeth as he lifted the oars and made ready for what the next moment might bring. He bent over the side of the boat, a rope in his hand.

"By God! I believe they're both gone," he muttered, pulling off his coat and boots. "Here, you drown! make ready to hold this boat, or I'll drown you where you sit." Fred's dark head rose at this moment. He gasped for breath.

"I've got her," he said, struggling up as Berry gave a stroke that brought him near and pulled the boy in, one arm about the child, in whose ghastly face no sign of life could be seen. "She went straight to the bottom the second time. I thought I should never get her up. Oh, the water!"

Fred's face changed. He fell back in a faint, and Berry with a despairing look at both pulled furiously for the shore, lifting him out gently. Geike received him; the Professor held Sylvia's cold little body, the tears streaming down his face, and bore it to Berry's house where already Miss Boynton had kindled a fire and water was heating.

Fred's recovery was rapid. He sat up speedily and tried to join in the effort to bring some sign of life into the still little face before them. Geike, powerless to help, went out, met the trembling Clarkson who had rowed to shore, and divining from his whimpered "I only meant to scare her, I didn't mean to drown her," that he was responsible, first thrashed him till he could thrash no longer, then broke his oars and turned the boat adrift.

"Now go! Try your tricks somewhere else," he said fiercely. "No, you cannot make me have fear," as Clarkson muttered threats of vengeance. "I shall break the bones in your body if I see you again. Go, most villainous boy! It were well to drown you in a tub or crush you like a venomous reptile! Gladly would I!"

Geike looked so dangerous that, as he made a movement forward, Clarkson uttered a howl and fled toward the road.

"It is well," said his judge and executioner. "Hardly could I leave him alive. That is the human animal that brings sorrow to the world. When Science has done its work truly, such whelps will not be born. Now they fatten on all that starves decent humanity. Ah, for the little child! How shall it be that he lives and she dies? I could will the powers of life to her again. She must not vanish when she is but yet in embryo."

For an hour he sat almost motionless, waiting some signal from the house and dreading to return and face the possibility before them. Then, too restless and miserable to stay longer away, he returned and sat down by the bed by which Miss Boynton knelt chafing the cold little limbs, and with a face as pale as the motionless one before her.

Sylvia's lids had fluttered once or twice, whether with returning or departing life it was hard to say. Now they lifted slowly, and for an instant rested on Miss Boynton's face. She put out her hand, then

the death-like look came again and all was silent.

"She is gone," Miss Boynton said faintly.

"She is not," said Geike, who had started forward and laid his hand on her heart. "Come, she shall not stay here! I have hot life enough for both! We will go home away from this dark shadow. I will hold her all the way and she shall live. Ach liebechen! Thou shalt see good days still!"

With a tenderness no one had yet seen in the burly German Geike folded her in a heavy shawl brought by Berry, and soon the silent party were on the homeward way, Charley now and then turning his head and whinnying low as if questioning why and how such change from the morning mood had come. The Professor drove on with Fred after Sylvia had been carried in the house, in order to explain to Dr. Keble, and wrung the boy's hand as he said:

"There is little I can do for you, Fred, but you're a glorious fellow and I honor you."

"The Van Dusen boy should be arrested," said Dr. Keble, who had listened with a sort of decorous horror to the story. "Close confinement is the only thing for a brute like that. How can he be punished?"

The Professor shook his head as he drove away, realizing that nothing could be done, yet feeling with Geike an almost murderous impulse toward the boy.

"Is she alive?" he whispered as he stole into the house, and Geike, who came to meet him, answered with a German hug:

"Why not? She has spoken and they've put her now in her own bed. Have courage. She shall not so easily be killed. Only keep away from that sea if you would not have your pearl return to its once home. Never would I take her there again."

A week passed before Sylvia was herself again. The Professor wished to question her, but she so shrank and shuddered at the sound of Clarkson's name or even mention of the bay that it seemed wisest to let the whole experience fade away if it would. What memories she had of the wild night when first cast up by the sea no one save the child herself knew, for her life seemed sealed, and this catastrophe, like the other, must work out its own results. It was long before she could bear to be alone and often at night the same wild cry rang through the house, and Miss Boynton, who had had a little bed put up in her own room, sprang up to find her with deathly face and wide, fixed eyes, moaning, "Oh, it pulls me! it pulls me!"

In time this passed away. Her old quietness returned and her absorption in whatever work was given her to do, and by early winter life flowed on peacefully for the little family. The Professor's eyes remained the same, allowing a limited amount of work each day, but forcing him to depend still to a great degree upon his sister's aid, and Sylvia threw herself into her studies with a sort of passion, longing for the time to come when she could be intelligent aid in the same work. Her unchildlike and yet most childlike nature showed itself here, in not alone a learning of lesson but an immediate assimilation, and yet the ability to drop all and spend hours in her old ways—looking up to the clouds or stretched on the rug making pictures from the wood-fire on the study hearth. She listened always with grave attention to the long talks between brother and sister, turning away to her own occupations when they became too abstruse, but commenting often, in a way that confounded them, on the bearings of what had been said.

Now and then the spirit of talk moved her, and sitting in her small chair between them she rambled on, giving her thoughts of people and books and life, or sometimes when with either brother or sister quite alone, rare sweet fancies, born in the delicate brain or taken, as she said, "right out of the heart of the fire."

Daily the pair wondered how they had lived so long without her, and if other children brought any approach to such pleasure as the little maid's presence afforded them. To the majority of people, however, she would have been incomprehensible, with her silent moods and the soft coldness enveloping her and only at rare moments melting and showing the warm, tender life below.

"Laws, Aunt Mary," Elias sometimes said, as that sable person folded her hands and looked after her devotedly, "'tain't nat'ral for you all to be bowin' down this yer way to somethin' ye don't know nothin' about. Maybe her father was hung; or maybe she didn't never have one!"

"You Elias," Aunt Mary returned in wrath. "Always livin' among dry bones

an' seein' cheatin' goin' on forever with humbuggin' folks into payin' all their money to be cured of things they hadn't never had! You think that every livin' soul is like doctors, that don't believe nothin' an' couldn't. I tell ye that chile ain't no common chile, with her little head set like she might be Victory's own darter, an' that soft way o' speaking an' never seemin' to think you'll do any different from what she says."

"For all that she wasn't nothin' but a reg'lar field-hand as one might say," insisted Elias; "just shooin' crows. You'll find out! 'Tain't that I don't take to her, for I do, but laws, Aunt Mary, she ain't no more than any other han'som' chile!"

Aunt Mary advanced with the skimmer in so threatening a manner that Elias took refuge behind the table.

"Laws, Aunt Mary, if it comes that a man can't speak his mind!"

"Mind?" sniffed Aunt Mary. "You call it mind, does you, you Elias? I call it sassiness an' foolishness; just as if you was a common nigger an' hadn't had no bringin' up nor no family. You a-settin' up an' pokin' remarks at Mr. John an' Miss Catherine's ways, that you hain't no call to know is ways, when you ought to be humble an' thankful to think you is in such a family an' holdin' your head up for the pride of it! All they wants is a little religion, an' I won't say but what they're better without it than most folks with it."

With this heterodox statement, followed by a smothered "May the good Lord forgive me for sayin' so!" Aunt Mary returned to her work and Elias to his chair.

The winter passed uneventfully. Quiet work filled each day. Geike came at intervals, bringing a breath from the outside world and treating Sylvia with a sort of tender respect and observance, looking down upon her as he would have looked into the heart of some rare flower. Fred they saw but seldom, he being swallowed up by the final year of preparation for the University, but he occasionally spent part of a Sunday with them, receiving a quiet but intense devotion, almost a worship, from Sylvia, who yet never had said one word to indicate that she knew what he had risked for her. Fred understood her, however, and having also been warned by both brother and sister to keep silence on everything connected with that day at the bay, was careful not to refer to it.

Clarkson never came near her, and Sylvia quietly gave up all errands to the toll-gate store, preferring to go treble the distance for any needed article rather than encounter her enemy again. So time slipped away, one of the most exciting events of the week being the Friday call of the old clam-man, clad usually in a costume made of some indescribable deep brown material and an ancient fur cap tied over his ears. One morning he appeared in a very high hat swathed in rusty crape, and giving an expression of unutterably fusty and abortive mourning. Aunt Mary, whose heart took in the whole world, gazed sympathetically at the small leathery face of her purveyor, nearly lost under the shadow of this symbol of woe.

"Is't a near relation?" she asked, while Sylvia hovered near to hear.

"Not as you might say," the old man answered slowly. "She wasn't no kin when I marr'd her, but we've lived together over thirty year an' I can't get used to bein' alone. It comes hard cookin' too. I ain't no ways handy 'bout house. My old woman she was, an' set a sight o' store by hum, my old woman did."

"Your chillun ought to look out for you," Aunt Mary said. "That's their duty now."

"They couldn't," said the old man plaintively, "bein' as they hain't never been born; we didn't never have no children. I'm a lone sparrow on the housetop."

Sylvia broke into fits of laughter as the "lone sparrow" drove away, his sepulchral hat threatening to eclipse him altogether. Hardly more than a month had passed when he came one morning minus this emblem of despair and with a singularly alert and vivacious expression.

"You've had good news," Aunt Mary said.

"Well, you might call it so," the old man returned guardedly. "Bein' as I've married a nice little woman close by; a stirrin', forehanded little woman that's got five children an' eight pigs. Her husband died a spell ago an' we seemed to think we could pull together, an' here I be with a family and a fortune too you might say, bein' as them pigs is mighty hefty."

"That's a man all over," Aunt Mary muttered as she returned to her kitchen. "Sylvia, now you take notice; them that

hollers the loudest over their first wives' graves is the readiest to dance a jig on 'em when they get another. Oh, ain't women fools! There she might a brought up them chillun her own fashion an' fattened her own pigs an' got along well enough, but every woman thinks she must hitch to some man if he ain't nothin' but a clothes-pin in trousers. I believe somebody'll even marry that Elias."

"What makes you hate Elias so, Aunt Mary?" Sylvia asked.

"Hate Elias!" Aunt Mary nearly dropped her clams. "Hate Elias! an' he my own sister's chile! It's only that I fret over his shif'lessness an' try to poke him up to his work. You're not to have such notions in your head, chile!"

Sylvia smiled wisely and went to report the change in the old clam-man's household affairs to Miss Boynton, who had often talked with him.

"Why is it so bad to be married?" she said.

The Professor looked up suddenly. "Because most men are fools and most women fooled," he said sharply. "A wise woman, even a girl who knows how to think, never need be lost in such a life as marriage generally is. You are too young to know yet, but believe what I say, Sylvia: not one man or woman in a million is fit for marriage, and all the woe in the world comes from the mad working of what is called love. You cannot trust it; its nature is deceit—a fair show till an end is gained, and then never-ending regret and chafing. Never believe it. The sweeter the words the more thorough the lie. Trust me, child, and no matter what the sound may be, do not believe it. Time enough to talk about that, though, years from now. You would never go away from friends and a love you know and had proved to a fair promise from a strange tongue. Nonsense, Sylvia! What am I talking at all for?"

Sylvia looked at him steadily, as if wondering what inward pain brought such sharp words, then turned to her work, but often that day he found her considering him attentively, as if she must then and there get at the heart of a difficult question. She was silent, however, and other thoughts soon obliterated all memory of the talk from the Professor's mind.

Save for an occasional outburst of this description it was singular how little experimenting or theorizing filled his thought or shaped his action in the year that followed the child's introduction to her new life. To turn her energy into the most effective working channel, to spare her the mistakes he recalled in his own child experience of study and make each step tell, each new fact be not an aimless part of a possible structure, but a sure foundation-stone, absorbed his energy.

Child as she was, Sylvia had the patience of genius and bade fair to more than realize any dream of development that he had cherished. Looking at her he wondered at times what her antecedents could have been and if other than English blood ran in her veins. He had once or twice tried to question or lead Sylvia herself to recall some early memory, but her face paled, and the look of dark trouble came so instantly to her eyes that he could never go on.

"After all," he said one evening after a long silence, and beginning as usual in the middle of his thought without explanation of what had preceded it, "what does it matter? What can it?"

"What does what matter?" said Miss Boynton, looking up from her book.

"Sylvia. I mean as to whether I can get hold of any absolute knowledge of her past."

"I thought you wanted no past."

"I don't," the Professor answered a little irritably; "I am content. Why can't you let me finish? What annoys me is, that in spite of it, whatever it may be, I find in her every possibility I shall ever have power to meet. It is curious how over this gulf of years between us her mind seems reaching as if it might even pass it at a bound and stand side by side with my own. It will too. There is nothing I do not expect of that child. You cannot tire her. Knowledge has come to her after her sad and hungry waiting as fruit comes to the flower that in far remote fields waits the coming of the shining pollen-laden insect, leaving in its flight the germ of renewed life with the solitary plant."

"You are fanciful, John," Miss Boynton said.

"What a starved little life it was," he went on unheeding; "and yet, how her passion for all natural life had fitted her to be just what she will make. One would say she was born of an infinite longing and

an infinite satisfaction, for both are in her eyes at times. I am getting fanciful, but fancies come with every look at her. What difference to us whether she comes from the foam of the sea or from mortal parents, so long as we have and hold her?"

Miss Boynton rose suddenly and left the room, returning in a moment.

"I thought I heard a moan from the child," she said, "but she is sleeping quietly. I cannot endure that she should ever have that dream, and a touch seems to dispel it. I wonder if she will ever overcome the sort of spell upon her, and speak naturally of that past she guards with such a terror?"

"You are very fond of her; fonder all the time," the Professor answered irrelevantly.

"Fond? yes," she answered, sitting down by him. "Too fond I think, sometimes. It is not natural that she should be so content, nor that we should absorb her so. She needs younger life."

"You are entirely mistaken," the Professor said warmly. "What could she get from children that would help her? Play? Well she has play with Rex, and the kittens, and her tramps in the woods."

"Something besides play. Contact with other children would educate her in forbearance and unselfishness, and how can she understand her kind if she is never with them?"

"She does not require that sort of understanding. She shall never have it. How incredible that you constantly revert to this notion of schools, Catherine, when you are well aware that it would ruin this wonderful bloom—I don't know what else to call it—this rare individuality that is her peculiar charm."

"Fruit grown under glass cannot have the flavor brought by the free air. Hedge her about as you will John, her experience must come some time, and if it finds her absolutely ignorant how will she meet it?"

"Croaking owl! Why not take the good of the day that is here? You irritate me Catherine with your endless apprehension. Common, coarse experience will never touch her. That is the blessing of having no shadow of outside claim upon her. No one can ever draw her from us. Having no ordinary ties she has no ordinary duties, and therefore can dispense with that side of education, if you will call it so."

"Then we shall be spoiled," Miss Boynton said rising and pacing slowly up and down the room. "Truly John, I cannot well imagine life without her. She is never a trouble. The sole difficulty we ever have is over sewing, and even in that she seeks to please me, and does her stent religiously, though at present she detests it. I am weak enough to want to take it from her when I see her patient little hands doing the work that so troubles her. She is curiously obedient. I expected occasional defiance and lawlessness of course. How do you account for it that it does not come?"

"No occasion for it," answered the Professor. "Sylvia's sense of justice is stronger than that of any child, or of most men or women. That was constantly outraged in her old life, but is constantly now, so far as we know how, met in the new. She is happy and as you know I believe in the development of happiness. She is a singular union of real analytical power and yet strong imagination. That means genius, and I believe she has it. Then her sense of humor is so keen; she seldom laughs, but I would give much to oftener hear the sweet ring there is in it. She mimics anything that it seems well to her should be mimicked, unsmilingly, and appearing to think the reproduction a demand that must be met quietly and unceremoniously."

"She gave the old clam-man's account of his marriage in his very tone," Miss Boynton answered. "For a moment she even looked like him, and she was Aunt Mary the next moment. She would make a wonderful actress."

The Professor glared.

"Catherine, it would seem that every force in you had bent to send that child from us with the speed of a rocket. What do you mean? Don't you suppose a woman can have gifts and yet let them be the wealth of a quiet life and not the capital of a capricious mob? Good heavens! One would think you cared for nothing but exposing every delicate grace, every subtle gift in the market-place. You are sacrilegious!"

"And you are insulting, but that is as usual and I forgive you. I can talk of the child's gifts without necessarily desiring to sell them or display them. Her very unconsciousness will prevent her knowing they are gifts, and if we choose to be selfish in

our own monopoly she will not repine. That is why I tremble. We owe her what she will not claim. We must be just to her."

"A child of eleven, perhaps twelve, all her development before her, and you, Catherine, already fuming over a possibility of our going wrong! Certainly there was never anything to equal your capacity for self-torment. Five years from now is ample time to discuss a career."

"You are wrong. We see well what can be done. It is our business to decide and then let all training run in such channel as best holds her future. How often you have raved over the stupidity of parents who remained blind as bats to the possibilities of their children, or as often to the impossibilities, putting the square boys into round holes, no matter how the angles protested. John, you are as blind as the rest."

"I am not," the Professor said, passionately. "But I tell you once for all that this life is for us! Such use as comes to the world through us it shall have and no other. Shall I not do what I will with my own, with our own; and is she not our own by everything save blood? A million times more our own in every fibre than a closer tie might have enabled her to be."

Miss Boynton looked steadily at her brother.

"We are both wrapped up in her in a curious and unexpected way," she said. "At times I can hardly understand it. I wonder if it is right? I wish I knew."

The Professor gave a kick that sent the empty chair over on Rex, blinking before the fire.

"Hair-splitter!" he said. "What is wrong save your own distrustful mind? Be quiet, Catherine. Take the goods the gods send and ask no questions. Do you not need—do I not need—all comfort that can come into our lives! Cease your endless protest and remember that the book you hold to declares, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' I am tired of questions. Let life take care of itself from day to day. Why will you not be easy?"

Miss Boynton smiled and said no more, though the debate in her own mind still continued, and she pondered long and often over the child's fortune and their share in it, finding it in the end as at the beginning only a problem, the solution of which lay far outside of human power.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITERARY NOTES.

THE latest novel from Professor Ebers, the scene of which is laid in Holland, has just appeared.

TWO standard works by Judge Bouvier, "The Law Dictionary," and "The Institutes," which have been for some years on the list of Little, Brown & Co., have been transferred to J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FROUDE's "Life of Carlyle" is to be not a full but a partial biography, covering only the first forty years of his life, and to appear in two volumes early in the spring. Many bits of Carlyle's familiar talk will be found also in the "Correspondence of Caroline Fox," one of the most charming books of the time, to be republished shortly by Lippincott.

ALL lovers and students of Hawthorne will welcome the "Index to Hawthorne's Works," two editions of which will appear simultaneously, matching the Little Classic and the Library editions of the novelist's works. Indices are, in the present deluge of reading, more and more essential, life at nineteenth century rates of speed giving no time for delaying long with any one book or set of books, and the Index-maker, like other specialists, must hold larger and larger place as time goes on.

GERMAN critics are welcoming with warmest appreciation the first volume of the "Selected Prose Writings of Bayard Taylor," translated by Mrs. Taylor, and issued last autumn in Leipzig. The volume contained the Weimar papers, essays on the chief German writers and on Thackeray and Tennyson, and the *Deutsche Revue* declares that the essays deserve place beside her own classics in every library in Germany. The second volume, containing the notes to both parts of "Faust," is to appear in April.

ROYAL authors are coming to the front. The Queen of Roumania, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," is about to publish an epic poem entitled "Ahasuerus." King Oscar of Sweden has completed a play in five acts, called "The Castle of Kronberg," and nearer home, the Princess Louise has made for *Good Words* some drawings of Quebec, with foot notes, illustrating a long poem of her husband's on Quebec, the sketches being, it is said, decidedly more vivid than the poem. Last on the list comes the King of Bavaria, to whom is attributed a remarkable volume which has just appeared in Paris, under the title of *Mission Actuelle des Souverains, par l'un d'eux*.

AT THE CONVENT.

Sweet Sister Anna with the patient face,
I read the wonder of thy soft surprise
That such as I, with gladness in my eyes,
Should seek the comfort of this holy place.
Thou hast been wont to give its healing grace
To stricken, storm-tossed souls, and art not
wise
To read what subtle secret underlies
The light in mine. Yet for a little space
Take me to thy deep calm, and know at last
Joy hath its storms! where others come to seek
Rest and relief for some heart-breaking past,
I come, as some bright flower faint and weak
With too much sun, might turn its glowing
cheek
In longing towards a cool dark shadow cast!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

MISS WILDROSE.

MISS WILDROSE was very young when she made her earliest literary venture. It was in a long poem, of such a scope and nature that at first no one was disposed to believe it could be the work of a girl not yet twenty. But she had made no affectation of disguising herself under silence or with a pseudonym, and the rector of the parish had heard portions of "The Song of the Morning Stars" before its completion; and when this was known, and the first poem was followed by another and yet another kindred to it, the doubters were silenced, and Miss Wildrose took her place among the poets—on the bench with Milton thought her family and friends; on the humblest footstool of all Miss Wildrose herself thought. She was content to be the lowest there; only to be in the glorious company at all was quite enough for her.

Of course the work was criticised. This great critic counted the number of Saxon derivatives on a page, and honored or dishonored her according to his sum total, and that one weighed her rhymes in the hair balance under glass that is sensitive to the sound of the falling snow-flake, and the other found a real mare's nest of delight in a lame foot of the blank verse. But the people liked the little books, and the popular acknowledgment was such that Miss Wildrose's head might have been turned if her art had been less a matter of moment with her, or if just at that time she had not met Raphael Stuart and loved him almost on the meeting.

She had always lived in the village. He came to her like a being not only of the outside world, but of the world of art in which her dreams and fancies lay. For he was a painter of more than common promise if not yet of absolute performance, and if poor as the traditional painter is, yet with too much love of the colors and harmonies and shapes of nature that belong to all who can see them to sigh for those heavier luxuries that belong only to the few. In time he would like them too, but just now he had youth, art and love. What more could he wish?

Like most young artists, Europe was his goal, if ever he could sell enough sketches to warrant his departure. And now, since coming to the village, he had doubled the distance between him and this goal; for how was he going without Miss Wildrose? and in order to take a wife with him he would have to make twice as many sales as he had counted on before. Miss Wildrose's little income from her books would not go a great way in their mutual purse, for the sale of the best liked verses is not a miraculous draught, and she had really worn out various copies of her books in the service of borrowers not buyers. Moreover, as Mrs. Stuart, she could hardly make her way with the same expenseless simplicity as when only Miss Wildrose. Plainly old age was likely to creep upon them both before they could venture to let their lives become one and make their vision of those old streets and galleries, those summer seas and glacier tops, a thing of real life.

This, however, did not seem so sad a thing to Miss Wildrose as it did to Raphael. She could go on singing her songs in the little village as long as her heart and soul were in sympathy with the great strain that nature sings, and here was Raphael all day and every day beside her. But it troubled her at length a little to see his unrest. Perhaps she caught the unrest herself. Her work felt the trouble, and for a time she feared she had lost the secret word of her power; she began to be as eager as he for the impossible.

"I want my outlook opened," he cried, searching the blue sky with his bluer eyes. "I want to see for myself how Raphael turned this line, how Veronese blended those tints, how Rembrandt flung that shadow. I want to know what they mean by saying Turner made color do the work

of drawing. I want to see the great masters of to-day in their studios or afield. I want to see Venice before some accursed steam-boat rips up her looking-glasses."

"I want to see the Euganean hills," said Miss Wildrose, casting her glance dreamily along the flat country where never a hill was seen.

"And I want my home, my wife, my hearth," he said, and then for a little time the lovers' happiness seemed only a high value of their art.

"If you could only be sent to Europe," said she at last. "If you could be consul in some foreign town in France or Italy, or in the East, or in the north of Africa."

"If I could go abroad and be paid for it," he said laughing. "Ah, yes, if I could have the moon for my lantern!"

"But it is not impossible," she answered with a brightening smile. "Now I consider it not at all impossible. I really think it may be compassed. Oh, Raphael, if it only should!"

"I am afraid you are building castles and the scaffolding is in the clouds," he said.

"Listen then. Isn't the new Secretary of State a man of letters? Hand-in-glove with publishers and authors? A patron of painters too?"

"A regular Mæcenas! My darling, your wits are as bright as your eyes. Take me for a clod! I see it all now you have illuminated it. Yes, yes, a good case ought to be made out between my credentials and yours."

"Oh, I shouldn't want to figure in it," she murmured shrilly.

"Then you shall not. My little wife shall stay on the dark side of the moon till she wakes up and finds herself in a gondola some sunset, with the moon in the lagoons."

And it was not a month before armed with all sufficient papers as he deemed, Raphael Stuart was waiting in the Secretary's ante-room so confident of success that he was already canvassing in his own mind the merits of the opposing ocean lines, the best place for his wife's state-room and whether or not he would be able to get any sketch of weltering waters or bits of sail or shipping or sea-birds on the way.

He had plenty of time to think it over as the hours went by before he was called into the great man's presence. The consulship to Venice? Ah, that was a pity! He should be very sorry to be obliged to refuse a request of his friend the writer of the letter Mr. Stuart had sent in. He had heard of Mr. Stuart; he had seen some of his work and indeed had purchased a little scene, "The Spent Wave," if Mr. Stuart remembered it. And as Raphael's color rose something about him seemed to interest the Secretary more, for he read the letter again and asked him for his other papers. "They are very strong," he said, "and it is very unfortunate. I have all but promised the consulship to Mr. Tiernay, who has just left me. Perhaps you saw him pass out; he looks like an Italian brigand and there seems something fitting and appropriate in designating him for the post," said the Secretary laughing, for he knew how to fill disagreeable pauses with light words. "Well, well," he said, "I shall regret it very much if I cannot be of service to you. Depend upon it I shall try. I am sorry to have so far committed myself. Perhaps something can be done although I am doubtful. Are you in the city long? Where are you staying? Can you dine with me to-night? My wife and daughters will be pleased. A few pleasant people. Sharp seven. Good-morning." And before Raphael recovered himself the plausible Secretary had bowed him out and admitted the next, and he was standing with a dazed air among the ruins of his hopes, the face of the Italian brigand, whom he now remembered to have seen, dominating the ruins like that of an evil genius.

But he was not of the sort easily cast down. After a couple of hours he was on his feet again, full of pluck and purpose, investigating the art of the Capitol, and a few minutes before seven he was at the Secretary's door, admitted by the stately black porters, making his best bow to Mrs. Secretary, and if not conscious that Miss Secretary was regarding him with an auspicious eye, quite conscious that she looked like one of the sweetest and best-natured young women in the world and one to whom, before the dinner was announced to which he led her out, he felt like confiding both his joys and sorrows.

What troubled him was that before he had been five minutes in the drawing-room he had seen the Italian brigand talking with a famous general and looking as though he were taking his points so as to be ready for the next ambush, and that

now he was placed on the other side of the table but a few seats distant.

The dinner went on quite as usual, when suddenly there was a lull in the conversation, which had been turned by the Secretary to the subject of modern literature, and Mr. Tiernay's voice was heard quite distinctly saying to the Secretary as he bent slightly forward, "Oh, I assure you, my dear sir, there is no one better qualified than I to speak of 'The Song of the Morning Stars,' since I wrote it, as I may say." And then as Raphael tossed back his hair like one preparing to offer battle, he added: "That is to say, Miss Wildrose and I wrote it together, and rewrote it. I think there is not a single stanza in which our joint work is not to be found. The idea of the opening chorus is her own, and the work mine. I myself suggested the refrain of the Wandering Stars, and she worked that up."

"And the Cloud of Comets?" asked the Secretary.

"Oh, that is mine, too; and so was the Earth's recitative in the Region of Meteors, all mine. But her delicate touches gave it a grace not within the power of a masculine pen. Miss Wildrose's grace!"

"I beg pardon. Are you speaking of Miss Wildrose?" said the Secretary's daughter, as Raphael sat aghast and utterly incapable of using her name in this scene.

"Of Miss Wildrose?" said Mr. Tiernay.

"Oh, certainly."

"And do you really know her?"

"Like a sister," said the Brigand. "Better than a sister, I might add, since we have worked for our name and our fame together."

"How I should like to see her! Do you suppose she will ever come to Washington?"

"Ah, it is unlikely. The poet is too sensitive for contact with practical things, you know."

"Then you must tell me of her. Is she pretty? Is she pleasing?"

"Pleasing, yes. I—I can hardly speak of her so openly, you must believe me. She is perhaps one's idea of Sappho!"

"Yes. Large?"

"Superb moulding."

"Blue eyes?"

"As violets."

"Then I hope her hair is black."

"As black as night."

"Every one has such a different idea of Sappho," said Miss Secretary. "Now to me Sappho looks like Story's Cleopatra. And by the way, papa, do you know that Mr. Gould's 'Ghost of Hamlet's Father' is to be seen in Boston? I could take the journey there to see it! He is the Shelley of sculptors." And then the Secretary took up the tale, and his daughter bent her head over her little satin menu and whispered to Raphael, "I thought you said you were engaged to marry Miss Wildrose?"

"So I did."

"Why then didn't you announce yourself just now?"

"Drag her name before a dinner table?"

"I believe in you!" she said earnestly. "Have you her picture? Pray let me see it?"

She looked at it and passed it to her next neighbor. "It looks more like a New England maiden than like a queen's daughter," she said as she did so.

"Oh, is this the new princess?" cried the lady into whose hands it came directly afterward, and it presently reached the Secretary. It was a miniature that Raphael himself had painted.

"Eyes dark as pansies in the front of March," said the Secretary. "Those close braids of fair hair contrast well. Quite a petite young woman. You spoke of seeing the princess when you were last abroad, Mr. Tiernay. This is quite unlike the picture in the illustrated newspapers. Tell me if it is a good likeness." And the little picture passed from hand to hand, under glance by glance, to Mr. Tiernay.

"I really am unable to answer," said the Brigand. "They are such a swarm. This must be a new one, for I don't recollect seeing her. No, the face is quite unfamiliar. I have never seen it."

"Is it a good likeness, Mr. Stuart?" asked the Secretary's daughter, in a voice like a bell, regardless as to whether she violated any sanctities of hospitality or not. "It is called so," said Raphael.

"It is the picture of Miss Wildrose," cried the young lady in the same clear treble, as her mother, to avoid the fiasco she saw coming, rose from the table.

And if there is any happiness in sea-sickness Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Stuart, on their way to Venice a fortnight from that time, were most supremely happy.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE STILL HOUR.

EDITED BY J. L. RUSSELL

I KNOW not where thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond Thy love and care.—Whittier.

"These are the tones, to brace and cheer
The lonely watcher of the fold,
When nights are dark and foemen near,
When visions fade and hearts grow cold.

How timely then a comrade's song
Comes floating on the mountain air;
And bids them yet be bold and strong,
Fancy may die, but Faith is there."

THE Christian man whose character has become stereotyped or crystallized has already begun to decay.—E. G. Robinson.

CHRIST came not to talk about a beautiful light, but to be that light—not to speculate about virtue, but to be virtue.—E. G. Taylor.

EARNESTNESS commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.—John Hall.

CHRISTENDOM as an effect must be accounted for. It is too large for a mortal cause. Even without a written revelation the last eighteen centuries would require belief in the Incarnation.—Bishop Huntington.

THE Golden Rule by itself is far from being an adequate guide of life. It requires as its complement a true idea of man as he ought to be. We must know in what well-doing consists. What ought we to desire at the hands of others?—Professor Fisher.

CHRISTIAN obligation cannot be made to accord with a law of expediency. The Christian's maxims are, "Do right because you are bound to do right;" "Do right though the heavens fall." There is a world of difference between "You had better" and "You are bound to."—F. L. Patton.

THAT which weakens one's power or dwarfs his spiritual nature can never be sanctioned as an appropriate amusement. The physical life, the intellectual life, the spiritual life, in their subtle relations, must enter into the problem of recreations, as must also our brother's good.—S. H. Virgin.

THE benediction of the Bible upon the dead is based upon the blessedness of life. He may well dare to die who has dared to live right. The blessing of the dead bridges the grave and opens to us the mysteries of the future. It answers most unequivocally the question, "Is life worth living?"—Dr. Armitage.

THE final unit is the man. That unit of value was never out of the soul of Jesus. After that day when Christ struck the keynote of the preciousness of the individual in that story of the shepherd leaving the ninety and nine and bringing back the one wandering sheep on his shoulder, it never ceased to be heard in everything that Jesus said and did.—Phillips Brooks.

CHOICE is the supreme prerogative of the moral creation as distinguished from the material, and a mighty prerogative it is. The hugest orb in space cannot choose to loiter an instant in its swift rush, or to swerve a hair's-breadth from its orbit, but the little babe that has just learned to say mamma can overturn the throne of God in his own little bosom.—George D. Boardman.

PATIENT! yea, patient, for life here is bounded. The highest and most radiant point is the grave. Every disturbing passion will insist upon its battle, but it will lose its power. All the royal attributes of your soul will come to fullness. Aye, be patient! The bondage of this world is sure to be broken, the prison-house to fall in ruins—God being your Father, Christ your Saviour, heaven a land of freedom.—T. T. Everett.

WHAT we need to learn first of all is loyalty to supreme things. There are in human life low, lower and lowest things; there are high, higher and highest things. Food, raiment, art, architecture, the pursuit of the material and beautiful must be subordinate to goodness and truth. "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." Righteousness is more than riches; charity is above esthetics; truth is higher than the temple, consecration than the altar, and how to be like Christ a weightier problem than the pattern of a dado.—J. L. Russell.



WHEN primitive man first began to make pottery we cannot guess, for it is a curious fact that wherever we find specimens of it they seem to indicate a certain degree of skill which could only be the result of long practice. To a superficial observer specimens of primitive pottery, whether from America or Africa, Ohio or Peru, look much alike; but to the expert they differ in material, in the methods of tempering the clay, in the processes of hardening, in the decorative designs and especially in form.

The natives of America had acquired a great deal of skill in the management of the clay, and used many varieties of ornamentation. These differed widely in different parts of the continent and the antiquary learned in this matter can detect the peculiar methods of the various races with ease.

To show the difference in typical forms and decoration I have selected three groups. The upper one on the page is from Nicaragua, being a few of very many designs obtained by my late learned friend, Dr. C. Hermann Berendt. The design in the centre of the large plaque is the conventional representation of the head of the rattlesnake, called by the natives "the King of Snakes," or "the Very Ancient Snake," and which symbolized the lightning, the war-god, power of magic, and other ideas. Beside it stand two vases, the one well proportioned, tall and graceful, the other a flattened bowl. All these are of burnt clay, and the ornamentation is partly scratched and partly painted.

A peculiar vase-form, found only in Nicaragua, I think, is the "shoe-shaped" vase. Often these

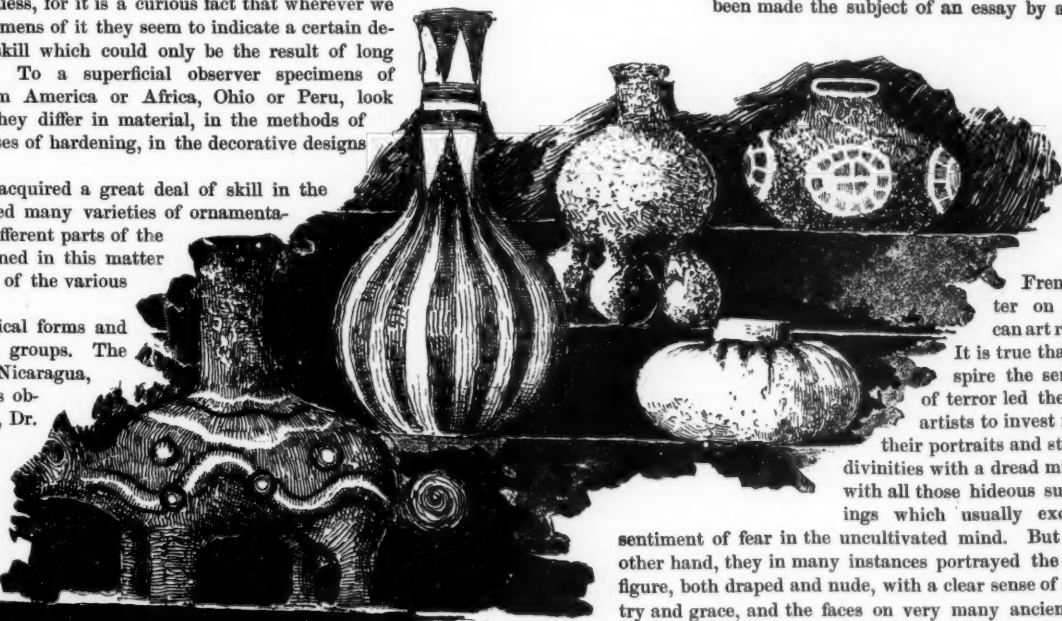
and proportion as many a prized one from Greece or Etruria. That resting on three hollow feet presents a favorite form with the mound builders, and there have not been wanting energetic antiquaries who have discerned in it satisfactory proof that the worship of the Trinity prevailed among this ancient race!

The lower row of vases on the page carries us far to the South, to the sunny slopes of Peru, where an almost rainless climate has preserved innumerable relics of a race almost as highly civilized as the ancient Egyptians and singularly like them in many of their customs. Both nations preserved the bodies of the dead by embalmment, and apparently from the same motive—a belief in the literal resurrection of the body. Both erected vast structures of stone as temples and palaces, and both worshiped the sun as the fount of force.

The spot whence these vases were discovered was a burial ground or rather a true Necropolis or City of the Dead, as it extended twenty miles in length by one or two in width and was one mass of graves. The interments must have numbered myriads if not millions, and as in each grave one or several articles of pottery were interred, the accumulation was simply enormous. Among them were some with single and double hollow handles, others in the form of animals, many with raised and painted designs, and quite frequently the curious "whistling jars," one of which is shown on the right of the row. On blowing into these, musical notes are elicited and it is believed they were used in sacred rites.

The human face is often portrayed, and that it is occasionally represented with a dignity of expression and propriety of treatment well worthy a skilled artist is shown by the accurate reproduction of one which is placed below the shelf.

It is an oft-repeated error that the natives of America in their art efforts aimed rather at the ideal of ugliness than at the ideal of beauty in the human form. This serious mistake has even been made the subject of an essay by a recent



French writer on American art remains. It is true that to inspire the sentiment of terror led the native artists to invest many of their portraits and statues of divinities with a dread mien and with all those hideous surroundings which usually excite the

sentiment of fear in the uncultivated mind. But on the other hand, they in many instances portrayed the human figure, both draped and nude, with a clear sense of symmetry and grace, and the faces on very many ancient relics are well proportioned and august. In some future article

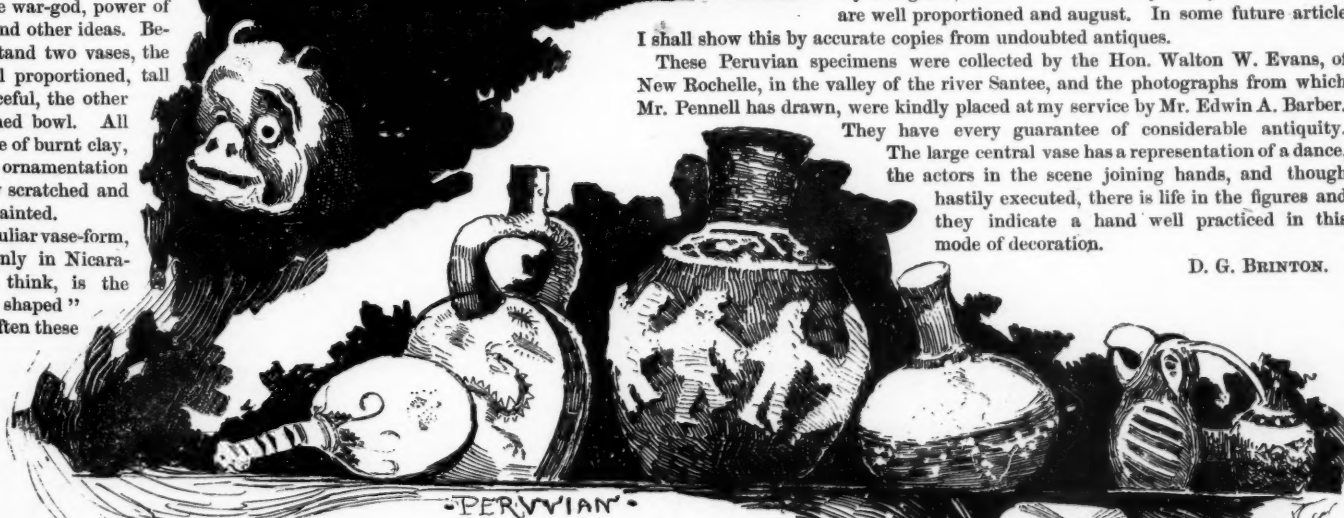
I shall show this by accurate copies from undoubted antiques.

These Peruvian specimens were collected by the Hon. Walton W. Evans, of New Rochelle, in the valley of the river Santee, and the photographs from which Mr. Pennell has drawn, were kindly placed at my service by Mr. Edwin A. Barber.

They have every guarantee of considerable antiquity.

The large central vase has a representation of a dance, the actors in the scene joining hands, and though hastily executed, there is life in the figures and they indicate a hand well practiced in this mode of decoration.

D. G. BRINTON.



are quite the shape of an old shoe, the mouth of the vase corresponding to the aperture where the foot is inserted. Sometimes the smaller end is raised and ornamented, as in the example beneath the left of the plaque, where the figure of a man with a pointed beard and a cap would lead to the belief that this particular specimen is of recent make and represents a Spaniard.

The centre of the page presents half a dozen specimens exhumed from mounds in southeastern Missouri. They have been figured and described in a very meritorious publication by the St. Louis Academy of Science. The clay is generally dark in color, and the vessels were either sun-dried or baked. The decoration is painted, the colors being usually a bright red, brown and white. The oddity of the forms will strike every one. The lowest is supposed to be the head of a bat. Above it is a strange quadruped with a heavy body and a curled tail. As the tail has never been unfolded, the antiquaries have not decided on genus and species. The flask shaped vase above is as graceful in outline



MY ACADEMIC CAREER.

It was a strange fate which took me, a scrubby Western lad in his early teens, for a time to Lee, and made me an inmate of its Academy. It was an episode which seems to have no more relation to my life than the Virgilian hero's trip to Hades had to do with the story of the *Aeneid*. I was from the West and of the West. The breath of lake and prairie was in my nostrils and their untamed wildness in my heart, together with some of the latter's verdancy as I have since been led to suspect.

The haze of Indian summer was on the Berkshire hills when I first saw them, and the Housatonic rippled gracefully along between banks brown with liverwort or green with aftermath, and studded with yellow willows whose leaves the autumn had already seared. How well I remember the delights of those few days of gold and purple! How beautiful were the painted hills, the dark hemlocks, the white-armed birches, the gray rocks, the hazy distance, the meadows, the river, the day! But, oh, the night! Never was young soul thrilled with more horrible visions! The crash, crash of the restless mill-wheels and the groan of the weary engines that came to me through the darkness were the background of horrible imagery. What a fearful sadness and misery was in their groaning! It seemed to me the very outfit of Gehenna. Darkness and discord! Lethe falling into the bottomless abysses and the groans of the damned mingling with the dull rush of its ghostly waters! Oh, how I longed when the sun went down for the gentle murmur, steady splash or kingly roar of my native lake to come through the darkness and bring me the thought of home. I was like the Peri in Paradise, hungering for an earthly love in the midst of heavenly delights. I knew the West was not so fair, but it was the West and I was of it. The gypsy-like love of distance was in my heart, and the hills cramped me. Then the winter came, and I hated it—hated it as if it had been a prison, a desert, a hell.

In this mood I became a student of the "Academy." "Lord of myself" almost from my earliest years, I had not fancied the restraints of the school-room, though anxious enough for the results of study. Books had been my tutors, the woods or the shore my academia, and a dog my schoolmate. Thanks to a hard censorship, I was not deficient in the studies of my age; indeed in solid acquirements was considerably in advance, though I did not know it then.

How well I remember the first day in the Academy. I walked from East Lee. The road was frozen hard. There was a fine hail blowing which stung like a serpent as I trudged across Water street to the old Red Lion, with the bleak hill on one side and the frozen river on the other. It was cold and dull and cheerless, but I wished the road had no end at all. I would rather have gone on trudging over the knobs forever than have to go up the steps of the Academy and into that room. I knew where it was. I had reconnoitered the field in force the week before. I knew by fatal intuition just where I was to do or die. I was early enough, but did not go in on my arrival. I tried to decide which was the worst evil, to go among that crowd of unknown boys and girls and endure their merciless review before the master came, or go into the presence of Rhadamanthus himself and take the worst that could come at once. I decided on the latter, because it was furthest off in point of time. Where I stayed until the bell rang I have forgotten, though I have a lurking impression that I harbored on the leeward side of the Methodist Church during that interval. Some time thereafter I tip-toed into the hall, hung my cap on a hook, listed at the door of the Principal's room, and after much hesitation went—down into the cellar! I did not stay there until the recess, for I hated the ridicule of the young fiends worse than the judgment of Rhadamanthus. So I went back presently, lifted the latch and entered the room, and thought that

"Ten thousand thousand horrid eyes
Were looking down in flame."

Then the room turned round a great many times and everything grew dark and strangely mixed up. I found myself finally sitting on one of the front benches on the right of the aisle, with Rhadamanthus standing over me and making anxious inquiry as to my patronymic and Christian names. He also asked me what I had studied, what I wished to study, and many questions to test my proficiency. That he was not displeased with my answers was apparent, yet he did not utter a word of

approval nor attempt the shadow of a smile. He only said when he had concluded:

"You may go to Miss Bell's room, and she will see if you are advanced enough to enter her philosophy class."

A boy with light blue eyes, nut brown hair, which had a latent inclination to curl, as I remember—a frank, open face and a form full of easy grace, about my own age, was directed to pilot me the way to Miss Bell's room, which he did with infinite good nature and boyish tact, assuring me that I was "all right," that Rhadamanthus had put me through an "awful examination," and that everybody could see that he was pleased the best in the world with me. And thus he rattled on "while one with moderate haste might tell a hundred," then took me into Miss Bell's room, introduced me to her with an easy address and left me in her hands. I think I have heard that this boy is dead—if not, he ought to be, for he was good enough to have died very young indeed. If he is still living, I have no doubt he echoes the pathetic lines of Hood:

"'Tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy,"

His name might have been Gage, but it was not, which is the chief reason why he will be called by that name in this sketch.

Miss Bell, to whose hands I was committed for the time, was a gentle, brown-eyed young lady, whose every motion was grace; a born teacher, according to the newest dispensation, sure to conquer the heart and compel the love of every student. I think she understood the ordeal I had just passed through, for she turned from the recitation she was conducting, gave me her hand, whose marvelous shapeliness has never been forgotten, and said with a smile:

"You will not object to waiting here until this recitation is over."

As if one who had just come out of the place of torment would object to an hour of paradise and the company of hours!

She pointed me to a seat in front of the desk of two girls and turned her attention to her class. I watched the recitation which was in progress for some time, and was just becoming interested in some of the demonstrations accompanying it, when I became aware that I was the subject of a whispered conversation behind me. If any one's ears ever turned, surely mine did at the lively comments, only half understood, of those merciless tormentors, as they bent over book and slate and divided their attention about equally between algebra and the new disciple. A problem seemed to trouble them. At length one said:

"Let's ask him to do it." I knew she referred to me with nod or wink or some sort of grimace.

"Oh, no!" came the answer in a shocked whisper. "Don't do that!"

"I will," said the first, with saucy determination.

"Oh, don't 'Liza, don't," importuned her companion.

"I will, I will, won't it be fun!"

"But, perhaps he don't know how."

"Who cares? He ought to."

"But Miss Bell will find it out."

"Bother Miss Bell! I'll tell her I did it just to entertain the stranger." There was a smothered laugh.

"Oh, 'Liza Kane. You are the boldest girl I ever saw. Please don't now, that's a dear."

"I will. Give me the slate. I am going to write and ask him to do it for us."

"Don't, don't. I am sure he don't know."

"Oh, yes, he does. You never saw such a scrubby little fellow but he thought he knew everything and was glad of a chance to show off."

I felt the corner of the slate pushed against my shoulder, but I paid no attention to it. Again and again I was jogged but would not look around. How I hated that "Liza Kane," as I heard her called. She should not make game of me. Of that I was determined. Punch came the slate in my back and I moved to the other end of the seat, in front of the girl who did not want me harried. It was of no use. I soon felt the slate upon the other shoulder.

Miss Bell had been walking about the room while this little episode had progressed and I had quite forgotten her whereabouts, when all at once she spoke just at my side.

"Have you ever studied algebra?"

"Yes," I answered, in surprise.

"Miss Kane," she said, "is very dull in her algebra and is very anxious that you should assist her. I should be glad if you would do so."

There was a titter all about the room. I knew it was meant as a reproof to the froward girl, but it was most embarrassing to me as well. I looked up at the great brown eyes of the teacher and would have stood on my head if she had asked it.

"If I can," I stammered.

"Oh, there's no doubt you can teach her if you ever opened an algebra. Sit over here Miss Kane," she added, pointing to the seat beside me, "and let him show you how to do your examples while I go on with the recitation." I shot a glance at the universal grin which was flying from mouth to mouth about the room, as a dark merino dress came draggingly into my field of vision and found a lodgment on the extreme end of the seat I occupied. I dared not look at the wearer's face, but managed to articulate, "What is it?" as I reached out my hand for the slate and book she held. I took the slate and happening to turn it over, read on the other side:

"MISTER WHAT'S-YER-NAME:
"Wouldn't you be kind enough to solve number 35—an awfully hard problem—for the very prettiest girl in Lee Academy."

"MATIE HILLYER."

I had just glanced at it when, perceiving what I was doing, my seat mate snatched the slate from me and rubbed out the writing. I looked up at her then and saw a face all aflame, set in a mass of clustering curls, of that peculiar tint which may be called "red" in despite, or "auburn" in adulation, without either term being correct as a description. Above the most enticing pair of pouting lips which ever tempted an anchorite was the most delicate of noses with a decided upward tendency, which was garnished, so to speak, with the most becoming freckles from its base to its defiant tip.

"What can I show you?" I asked, beginning to enjoy the fun.

"You can't show me anything," she whispered spitefully. "I don't want any help."

"Let me look at number thirty-five," I said taking her book.

I soon worked the problem, edged myself a little nearer the spiteful divinity and showed her the solution, under which I had written, "For the very prettiest girl in Lee Academy."

"You are real mean," she said, "and so is Miss Bell. I just did it to worry Matie."

"I looked up and saw that the soft blue eyes were full of tears just ready to fall. I reached over and rubbed out the offending sentence."

"Never mind," I whispered; "I didn't mean anything. I knew you were only in fun, and so was I. Let me help you do the rest." So I fell to upon the other problems, and when the bell rang at the end of the hour I had filled her slate with examples and received a really pleasant "Thank you" and a shy smile from the ripe lips.

From that hour I was the slave of that golden-haired girl. She soon learned my subjection and used it with merciless disregard of my comfort. Her every wish was law to me. I would have gone into the lion's den at her slightest beck, and I think she would have sent me there without scruple if one had been convenient; not that she was cruel, but she loved to display her power. I did not serve without recompense, however. As she required of me knightly devoir so she accorded me the privilege of champion. If I worked her problems and did her translations for her I was rewarded by being allowed to escort her whithersoever she went. If I went half a mile out of my way to attend her home of a stormy afternoon I was sure to be allowed a long evening in her company at the old homestead on the hillside, where she was the tyrannical queen of a fond old couple whose only living child she was.

Before the winter was half over the Academy, which I had so dreaded, had become almost a paradise to me by reason of my hot boy-love for Eliza Kane. There was something marvelously sweet in it. There are tunes we learned together at the singing school which will set my eyes afloat when I hear them even yet. I have had my share of experience with the tender passion since that time, but I have never forgotten the freshness and purity of that early devotion.

When the first days of Spring came and the soft sunshine used sometimes to steal a day from Boreas, the winter sports began to pall and we longed for those of the coming season. It was then that the old cellar under the Academy became indeed a playground. It was vast and open, part of it piled up with wood which was still used in the great stoves above, and the remainder simply an expanse of smooth hard earth which offered an irresistible temptation to

every one who had ever experienced the attractions of a game of marbles. It had several low windows, and was approached by a flight of stairs leading down from the rear of the hall, under which was a large bin where the careful janitor was wont to store the ashes which constituted a considerable share of his official perquisites.

Here at the noon intermissions and the time of recess in morning and afternoon, were gathered groups of as keen and interested gamblers as ever took each other's possessions without consideration. There was a half-dozen sets of shallow holes in the smooth surface of the ground to meet the requirements of the game then most popular to the knights of knuckle and taw. During the depths of winter the cellar had been too cold for general occupancy, however keen the sporting instinct may have been, and during that period those who did not go home to dinner had been wont to engage in such sports as might be conducted in the schoolrooms, and in which the girls might join. It was by no means dull. Many games of skill and some of chance enlivened those winter play hours, and in them all my queen, "the yellow-haired," as she delighted to call herself, was always the leader. It was she who carried, carefully concealed in some hiding-place too secret or too sacred to be even guessed at, the surreptitious enormity of a pack of cards, and who expounded to a privileged few in the carefully guarded secrecy of a favorite room the mysteries of whist and euchre, in which games I was always her partner.

I don't remember how it occurred—I think I must have been absent for a day or two—I only know that I was told, *multis cum lachrymis*, by my queen of hearts that a somewhat bigger boy than myself had been guilty of some great enormity toward her. I have forgotten its precise character, but think it was nothing less than informing Rhadamanthus of the pack of cards in her possession, thus subjecting her to the ordeal of a public reprimand at morning prayers, as well as the threatened search for the pasteboard idols which she had set up for the young Israel to worship during the absence of its Moses. This latter enormity had been avoided by the sagacity of Miss Bell, who had taken the responsibility of the search and found nothing—for the good reason that she had not tried to find anything. As a result of this there had been a wordy war between her and the young man aforesaid. His name might have been Sloan if his parents had been so minded, so we will call him that. As they journeyed homeward that night, somewhere in the vicinity of the old Red Lion, he had added to his offense the *aperta injuria forma*, which the female heart can never forgive. He had called her "freckled" and "snub-nosed" and "red-haired." How my bosom swelled with righteous indignation as she recounted to me these ills. I swore that she should be revenged and that right speedily. It seemed to soothe her sorrowing wrath to find me so apt in the lesson of revenge. I dilated on what I would do with the miscreant, and her heart warmed toward me as I did so. I think I was allowed to confirm my oath of vengeance by a kiss upon the fair book of her willing lips that night.

The next day I went to school with the firm resolve to perform wondrous acts of valor for my lady-love before the night should fall. This resolve was strengthened by her gracious condescension towards me. At the noon recess I sought my opportunity. I went to the cellar in quest of Sloan. I found him playing marbles with another, the boy Gage of whom I have spoken. I was a most enthusiastic gamester. The magic of chance or rivalry in skill was more than I could resist. A half dozen boys were standing by eating their lunches and watching the game. I joined them, my heart full of rage and hate, but not knowing just how to find an opening for its display. I could not go to Sloan at once with doubled fists and exclaim, "Villain! Scoundrel! Defend yourself! You have slandered my lady-love! You shall die, traitor!"

That would not do. I must not compromise my lady-fair. I must have some excuse—a *casus belli*. Somehow it was hard to find. So I stood with my hands in my pockets and watched the game. Sloan was victorious and very insolent over his victory too. Poor Gage seemed much chagrined. He had lost his favorite "shooter," a famous "ally," which he had kept to the very last, the trophy of many a hard-won fight, and had only put up as a stake when he was absolutely "cleaned out" of everything else.

"Oh, you can't play for shucks," said

Sloan jeeringly, as he pocketed the "ally" which Gage could hardly see disappear without tears. "Is there anybody else who would like to learn the game? I should be very happy to teach the rudiments to some one who will make it a consideration."

I had a handful of marbles in my pocket and the love of the game overcame the impulse of revenge. I accepted his challenge on the instant.

One and another gathered around us until we were the centre of an admiring ring. Luck turned against Sloan. I had soon won back all he had taken from Gage and gave that faithful fellow back his favorite ally. By-and-by the bell rang for school but we did not stop. We had just begun a game, which, if won by me, would leave Sloan without a marble in his possession except his shooter. Gage alone stayed to see the game end. We played cautiously and I won. Sloan was angry and I jeered him as he had jeered Gage. "Perhaps he would like to engage me to teach him the rudiments of the game the next day." I was picking up the marbles as I spoke. He answered sharply that I had better not crow, he would play me a game for his shooter against a set of five ground marbles. I accepted and in five minutes had won that also. Of course I redoubled my taunts.

"Oh, I could win if I was willing to cheat as you do," said Sloan in his desperation.

It was an unfortunate remark for him, the tinder which fired my half-forgotten rage. In an instant I had grappled with him and was bent upon avenging my own insult as well as that of my lady-love at once.

Gage tried for a time to act the peacemaker, but having met the usual fate of such foolish mortals and received a few blows, he stood off and sought to attain his object by threatening to go and tell Rhadamanthus. We knew him too well to fear any such treachery and each did our best to punish the other. First one was down and then the other, and both had been to chancery without adding to our beauty, until, as luck would have it, in trying to throw each other we both struck against the ash bin. An instant after a handful of the strong wood ashes was dashed into my mouth. If I was angry before I was blind with rage then. I caught Sloan by the hair and we stood on opposite sides of the bin, each using the new implement of war, the ashes. I had but one hand loose and with this could gather the ashes and throw it into his face whenever I could get a chance. He had both hands at liberty, and with his head bent over the bin threw the ashes upward in a blinding shower. How they stuck in my hair, gathered in my clothes, clung to my sweaty face, crept into my nostrils, invaded my mouth and passed the picket of my eyelids with impunity! No effort could rid me of their intrusive pungency. How like a young volcano ambitious of the renown of Hecla or Vesuvius! I gave up the attempt to rival him in this act, but would not let go my hold. I held my breath and kept my clutch in his hair. I do not remember as we had said a word but something had put Rhadamanthus on the *qui vive*, and he had determined on a reconnaissance in force by the way of the back stairs.

It was hardly an instant when the master was upon us. I had barely time to release my grasp on Sloan, and rub a few of the ashes out of or rather into my eyes, when he had us each by the collar and was chucking our heads together like a pair of Indian clubs. Who was it threw the ashes in that good man's face to the peril of the pedagogue's eyes and without fear of wrath to come? Sloan swore it was not he, and I—I would have sworn it if I had been given an opportunity. His grip loosened, a hand was clapped to either eye, and we, the culprits fled—Sloan by one of the little windows above the wood-pile and I by the stairway up which Gage had already disappeared. As I ran I looked back and saw Sloan wriggling his way through the little window, while sticks of wood were flying through the air in wonderfully good range for his disappearing parts. I fled up the stairs, seized my cap from its peg and made for the door. Ah, me! That trick had been played too often on Rhadamanthus before! I heard a grunt of satisfaction as I turned the knob and found the door fastened! He had locked it before he went down stairs.

His hand was fastened in my collar in an instant and he towed me into the room—as a dog would carry a rat—giving me a shake every few steps to let me know his power I suppose. Gage had slipped into

the room and gained his desk as he thought unseen by the fate which had lighted on me, but as we went by his seat a hand was hooked in his collar, and he was constrained to trot along on the other side of the impelling force toward the platform.

Unfortunately it was the day the afternoon of which was devoted to compositions and declamations, and all the school was collected in the Principal's room with the teachers seated on the platform. I remember Miss Bell's look of horror as she recognized me under the coat of ashes on my face and in my hair.

As he mounted the platform Rhadamanthus loosed me because he had me by the right hand and took down his whip. This made Gage's turn come first. I had no idea he had such suppleness of limbs as he displayed while dancing round the master. I could not help laughing, though I knew what he was receiving was only a trifle to what awaited me. At length the rawhide ceased to fall and poor Gage was turned loose, moaning piteously and keeping a hand on each side, making lively journeys from knee to shoulder in anxious search for the sorest spot. Rhadamanthus contemplated his lively performance with a half-smile of satisfaction for a moment, while he caught his second breath and then turned to me. I knew that outcry or expostulation was in vain. Besides the wrath of the affray had not left me. I shut my teeth hard, put a hand under each arm-pit, curled up my legs and left my back to its fate. Then it rained rawhide over head and shoulders for a while. He could not hold me long and I would not stand, so I was soon sitting on the platform. But still it rained blows. They said I did not utter a cry and I know I did not mean to. At length the blows ceased and I heard the master panting over me. My back and shoulders were a quivering mass of pain—my heart a caldron of fierce wrath. I knew I had deserved punishment, expected it and would not have been angry at a reasonable amount, but I knew this had been terrible. I had my head drawn between my shoulders and had determined to count the blows and had done so. Each time the rawhide scored the quivering flesh I had mentally tallied one. I knew the number when he stopped, and this as well as the pain served to make my wrath still fiercer.

"Get up!" said the master. I would have died rather than obey. Again the blows fell, again he paused.

"Now will you get up!" he shouted. The blood was running from the lip I had bitten to repress my cries, but I would not answer.

Again came the whip. He was bound to break my spirit and I determined never to yield. Again he paused.

"Get up and go to your seat!" he shouted. I did not move a muscle. Again a few blows, and he pushed me with his foot off the platform to the floor. I lay as I fell. The house was as silent as death. I did not stir. Rhadamanthus came down, lifted me up by one arm. I did not offer to stand. He let me go. I fell limp and motionless.

He seized me again, shook me fiercely, struck a few blows and said, "Now go to your seat."

I fell prone to the floor as he released me. He picked me up, dragged me to my seat and thrust me into it. I sat with my head on the desk till some one asked me if I would not have a drink of water. I raised my head, took the tin dipper from his hand and drained the last drop. As I put it from my lips I saw that it was Gage who brought it, and looking beyond him saw the face of my sometime queen *convulsed with laughter!*

I left the academy the next day. Mine is said to have been the last real old-fashioned "hiding" ever done in that academy.

When I came to see my face in the glass an hour after, I did not wonder that any one should laugh at it. Yet I did not like to think that she, my heart-queen, had laughed at my plight won in the battle undertaken to avenge her slights. So I cursed in my wrath and swore that I would never have anything more to do with a "red-haired girl who had a snub nose and freckles."

A soft white hand reaches quickly over my shoulder and grips me spitefully by the beard. As I glance meekly sidewise a wave of golden hair falls in rippling splendor betwixt me and the sunlight. The voice of a spoiled ten-year old comes sharply to my ears in mimic wrath, and I know that the changeful blue eyes are mocking me as I meekly yield to hirsute bondage, while she says:

"O you bad papa, to write such naughty things! I've been reading over your shoulder, and now you must cross out all those bad words!"

"Bad words! What do you mean?"

"Why all that about red hair and freckles and—you know it was not red, just a soft brown that the sun burnished into gold."

"Why child?"

"Oh, I know; I've seen the curl you used to carry above your heart for a charm!"

"But, my dear"—with a vain attempt to loose the clinging hand.

"Oh, I shall not let you go until you blot out the words. And as for freckles you know she never had any—to speak of, that is, and she hasn't a snub nose either—not a bit."

Then I wheel suddenly around, capture the little fairy and bring her to my knee. The blue eyes are full of half-angry light, and the mobile mouth begins to twitch as if tears might easily come.

"Who are you talking about?"

"Eliza Kane, of course."

"And what do you happen to know of Eliza Kane?"

"What do I know of her? Isn't she my mamma?"

"Your mamma? Why Eliza Kane married Sloan!"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL

LEFT-OVERS.

It is part of our lavish system of living that as yet a custom long in vogue among the French and indeed on the continent generally has never been attempted here, and if attempted would probably only be countenanced in the dark. The French woman finds at market, whether public or private, a division of every article of food into "portions." The smallest practicable amount per head is for sale, carefully and daintily prepared, and the number of the family determines the number of "portions" bought. On this system nothing is left over, for if one appetite falls below the standard another appropriates the supply and preserves the balance. The only difficulty is that a sudden and unexpected guest would find no allowance made for such presence, and the old English notion that where there is enough for two there must also be for three must be with them set aside once for all.

All this is entirely foreign to both English and American methods, and indeed there is a suggestion of "skinchiness," to use an expressive New Jersey word, very offensive to the American mind. Quantity with us is regarded as the first essential. The roast for two must be as large as that for a family of ten. The vegetable dishes must be full to overflowing; the dessert in the same proportion. The buyer is ashamed to purchase little enough. Self-respect demands that three pounds shall be bought where one would suffice, and then comes the question of left-overs.

To a certain degree left-overs are an essential in all comfortable housekeeping, else where would be the hashes and scallops and curries, savory and satisfactory if only brains have entered into their composition. But these same preparations in the hands of an inexperienced cook become the synonym for all that is most dispiriting in food, and hash is thus rightfully regarded with dark suspicion, the greasy, half-scorched mass deserving it on sanitary if no other grounds.

Believing hash the only method for cold meats and with an equally firm faith that only large pieces can be so utilized, the housekeeper if disposed toward economy looks into her refrigerator or meat-safe with a sort of cold horror, each plate and bowl with its bit of meat or vegetable, not enough for a meal and all too good to throw away, a fresh reason for breaking up house-keeping on the spot. Growing boys, who from eight to eighteen are simply wandering abysses, will often come to the rescue, but growing boys are not the property of every family nor in any case a permanent institution. Chickens are also absorbents, but only country life as a rule admits of hen-yards. The large constituency of Bridget's or Norah's cousins are thus the only ones benefited by these confounding and inescapable fragments. And if there are no cousins there is always the fire or the garbage-box, and so a disappearance of what should have been a part of the day's food and could have been had any training in utilizing scraps ever been given.

We are all a little tired of the phenomenal French and occasionally American

woman who, with ten cents' worth of bone and sweet herbs and an indefinite but always very limited number expended on lemon-juice, serves up a *ragout* so extraordinarily delicious that no after-combinations by other hands, though on the same plan, ever attain the same degree. It is a fashion too just now to announce "fifteen-cent dinners" as holding all the quality of fifty-cent ones, and the fashion has had its uses in drawing attention to American wastefulness and pointing out new methods of use for inferior supplies. Art can disguise flavors so that rank, coarse meats may be made to appear tender and succulent, but no art can ever make such food as truly desirable as that of better quality. But there is a wide difference between the fancy price of a fancy market for choice cuts and that of the same cuts in a general market, and the housekeeper who wants only usable left-overs must learn in the first place how to select her meats. Marketing, however, has neither room nor place in the present article save as a suggestion for the diminution of left-overs, all the possibilities and impossibilities of which we shall soon discuss.

MENU.

Split-Pea Soup.	Potato Snow.
Haunch of Venison.	Sweet Potatoes browned.
Lima Beans.	Wafers.
Celery Salad.	Macaroons.
Coffee.	

SPLIT-PEA SOUP.

Materials.—One quart of split-peas soaked all night in soft water. Half a pound of salt pork fat and lean cut in strips; two pounds of beef bones well-cracked. Three stalks of celery or one teaspoonful of celery salt. If fresh celery, chop together with one onion. One even tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and one lemon. Pour off the water in which the peas were soaked, add four quarts of cold water and the pork, vegetables, etc., and boil slowly and steadily for three hours. The liquid should be reduced to half. Strain through a wire sieve, rubbing through the peas with a potato-masher; return to the fire, simmer for ten minutes and pour over the lemon, sliced thinly just before the soup is put into the tureen. If the peas show any symptoms of separating from the water, blend a teaspoonful of flour in a little cold water and add to the boiling soup.

HAUNCH OF VENISON—VIRGINIA FASHION.

This should have hung at least a week in a cold place before using. The day before it is required wash in lukewarm vinegar and water, and rub with a spoonful of butter to soften the skin. Cover the top and sides with well-greased paper and this with a paste of flour and water half an inch thick. Lay over this a thick sheet of greased paper and tie all in place. The next day, having kept it in a very cold place, put into the dripping-pan three hours before dinner, with a pint of boiling water and cover with another pan to keep in the steam. Have a hot oven and let it alone for an hour. Then baste and cover again. Half an hour before dinner take off papers and paste, baste freely with a cupful of claret and a large spoonful of melted butter; dredge with flour and let it brown. Repeat the basting four times, and then take up on a very hot dish. Skin and strain the gravy in the pan of which there will be nearly a pint; thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour; add one of currant jelly, a glass of claret, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a salt-spoonful of pepper. Quarter of an hour to a pound is sufficient for venison, and the neck can be roasted like the haunch though not so good.

POTATO SNOW.

Boil six or eight large potatoes in the manner given in a previous number. When perfectly dry, mash very fine, adding one teaspoonful of hot milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a salt-spoonful of white pepper. Rub through a colander into a deep dish that it may fall lightly and not lose shape. Put in the oven for a few minutes till well heated, and serve in a very hot dish, as it cools quickly.

LIMA BEANS.

These can be had either canned or dried, the latter being quite as good. If dried are used, soak them over night in soft water. Pour it off and add boiling water salted in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a quart. Boil slowly two hours; drain them; add a tablespoonful of butter and a salt-spoonful of pepper, with two of salt, and serve hot. A pint of dried beans will be sufficient for a family of six.

SWEET POTATOES BROWNED.

The medium sized sweet potato will require about three quarters of an hour to boil. Peel while hot, and either leave whole or cut in halves as may be preferred. Put them in the oven, and after five or ten minutes baste them with a teaspoonful of melted butter which will make them brown faster. It will require about twenty minutes if the butter is not used. Serve very hot. In fact this formula may be taken for granted for all dishes, unless cold is distinctly specified.

THEY are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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Philadelphia, March 8, 1882.

AMERICAN FICTION.

A RECENT article in the *Academy* shows that the critical world abroad are beginning to recognize the peculiar and growing distinctiveness of American thought. The writer says:

"They are dying out fast, these old-fashioned American *littérateurs*, and we shall see few more of them; to say the truth, they were an artificial product after all—the careful tillers of a delicate exotic plant under an unkindly sky; but their writings had a pleasant Old-World flavor of their own, mixed with a certain indefinite undertone of something not European, yet eluding all attempts at analysis, which made them pleasant morsels to roll upon the critical tongue when a man has nothing more serious to occupy him. One can hardly say wherein the peculiar humor and pathos of Washington Irving differed from anything English, but they did somehow differ, and it was just that difference which gave them their specific value."

It is this very "difference" which was so slight in Irving as to be hardly definable, that is the kernel of Americanism. That it has become more pronounced from his time until the present is what clearly shows the growth. Our Anglicism has not decreased, but the "difference" has overshadowed it. American literature has broken out of leading strings and American art must follow.

There sprung up, a few years ago, an idea that to be American was to be provincial, and the greater part of our fiction for a time required a little self-deprecating sauce in order to please the cultured palate. An effort was made to denationalize our literature on the plea of making it cosmopolitan. The "traveled" American who had been broadened and enlightened by a few weeks' exposure to transatlantic sunshine, especially bemoaned the westwardness of our thought, and was infinitely rejoiced at the triumphs of American genius beyond the sea. In truth, it is a wonderful tribute to American brain that it has been able to meet successfully the English writer of fiction on his own hackneyed field without the advantage of having been early imbued with its stock conventionalisms. During this time a most remarkable series of works by various American authors, all more or less Anglicized, have been occupied in delineating the rawness and incompleteness of the American character as contrasted with the fittingness and rotundity of the Old World product. At the same time the critics have given us numberless disquisitions upon the poverty of America and the richness of Europe as contrasted fields of fictional deposits. One has told us that America offered no opportunity for the writing of enduring fiction because there are no "contrasts in its social life;" another that "it has no background" on which the strong lights and shadows of fiction may be successfully thrown; an-

other gave as a reason "the paucity of historic incident," and still another the fact that our average of intelligence and wealth was so high that we had no sufficient shadow of ignorance and poverty to contrast with it. All were agreed in one thing, that Europe was a paradise and America a desert, so far as the growth of fit material for successful fiction is concerned.

A reaction has undoubtedly set in. The American people are thoroughly tired of being made the constant butt of minifying comparisons simply because they happen not to have cultivated at the Occident the same ideas of propriety and decorum that prevail at the Orient. They have tired of the eternal lessons in dress and behavior which this class of novelists have forced upon them. They are unable to see how the American girl who dresses a trifle louder than her grigish English cousin dares to, is thereby shown to be a less excellent product of civilization. They are beginning to rebel against this eternal measurement of everything American by an English foot-rule, and the insistence that everything not covered by it shall be cut off and cast into the fire.

SOUTHERN AUTHORS.

It is a noticeable fact that not one of our cockneyized American literary detractors of America is from the South. It is vastly to the credit of that section that it never raises snobs. Whatever else the Southern man may be he is always an American—even if always distinctively Southern—and he never seeks to be anything else. He is at least self-respecting in this regard. He is as proud of his nativity as a Scotchman. It may mean poverty and crudity, but it is his. He spreads himself out over its worst as well as its best elements and resents with intense dudgeon any imputation upon either. He may repudiate public obligations and renounce the "Yankee" end of the body politic, but whether he be in London or Paris he is always a Southerner and ready to do battle for the excellence and pre-eminence of the South. This spirit has prevented distinctively Southern writers from joining in this anti-American crusade.

RESULTS AT A COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE has now been open to students for a period of more than twelve years. During this time both sexes have been admitted to its classes and with the most satisfactory results. So natural has been the working of the system that those concerned have long since ceased to regard it in the light of an experiment. Indeed, when asked by strangers how our system works in practice we are constantly surprised to see that in the eyes of the public there is anything unusual or abnormal about it. So far as my observation and experience go there is absolutely no difference in the average intellectual capacity of the two sexes under the same training and external influences. The valedictorians of our classes have been almost exactly equally divided between the sexes, with a slight and accidental preponderance in favor of the young women. I would no more think of making a distinction between students in the class-room on the ground of sex than on the color of their hair. To duplicate all instruction given in an institution on either ground is, in my judgment, wholly unnecessary, and just as reasonable and necessary in the one case as in the other.

The average health of young women is popularly supposed to prevent their competing in their studies with the young men. This has not been our experience. Our girls and young women lose less time from sickness on an average than the boys and young men.

That the influence of the sexes upon each other socially, under proper regulations, is beneficial in a high degree, can surely admit of no reasonable doubt. Nor is this true merely, as is often supposed, of the influence of the girls and young women upon the boys and young men, but the opposite is quite as likely to be true. While most admit the refining, cultivating and humanizing influence of young women upon young men, I maintain that the young women themselves are quite as much improved by this association as their companions of the sterner sex. No la-

bored argument upon this subject will do so much as a simple comparison or contrast of those young women who have been jealously guarded in separate schools, with their more favored sisters who have in their school and college days been subjected to the more natural and home-like influences around them in any well-conducted co-educational institution.

It is sometimes said that it requires more labor and more vigilant oversight on the part of the authorities in institutions for both sexes. An experience of a lifetime, almost equally divided between mixed and separate schools, has taught me a different lesson. No high degree of success is attained in the education and training of the young without that vigilant and thoughtful care and oversight so essential to the best results in any occupation; but the attempt to manage the sexes in separate institutions involves more care and labor than when together, and that, too, with far inferior results. In conclusion let me refer any who are still skeptical about this subject to the recent annual report of Dr. Warren, president of the Boston University, whose testimony is unequivocal upon this subject.

EDWARD H. MAGILL.

HOW TO ESCAPE NERVOUSNESS.

NERVOUSNESS is nervous weakness. The principal sign of a feeble nervous organization is an excessive degree of irritability of one or more of the organs of the body. If the nervous system be weak, the organs to which the nerves are distributed will also be weak, and a weak organ is always an irritable one.

It takes very little to throw such an organ out of its orderly course of action. Some slight cause or other acting on a "nervous" brain creates such a degree of irritability that its possessor feels as if he would like to "jump out of his skin," or he may be thrown into a paroxysm of intense emotional disturbance, or a sick headache, an attack of hysteria, or even a more severe disorder may result. A "nervous" eye or ear is annoyed by unusual or persistent lights or sounds; a "nervous" heart palpitates and flutters after slight mental or bodily exertion; a "nervous" stomach is irritated by food which a healthy baby could easily digest, and the condition known as "nervous dyspepsia" is induced; and a "nervous" spine, to specify no further, causes derangements of nearly all the organs of the body. To cure these various disorders is often difficult and sometimes impossible. To prevent them even in persons predisposed to nervousness is comparatively an easy matter.

The whole hygiene of the subject is embraced in the sentence—*Strengthen the nervous system.*

How is this to be done?

1st. *The first prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh and cool air.* The nerves will always be weak if the greater part of the day and night be passed in close, ill-ventilated and overheated apartments. The nerves more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished, require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure vitiated air whether the impurities come from sewers, gas-lights, subterranean furnaces or the individual's own person, without making an energetic protest.

A gas-burner consuming four cubic feet of gas per hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than is evolved from the respiration of eight adult human beings. Bear this in mind who who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourselves up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve cubic feet of gas per hour) you are to all intents and purposes immured with twenty-three other persons, all taking oxygen from the atmosphere. Is it a wonder that after several hours' exposure to the depraved air your nerves should rebel as far as their weak state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble, and that your daughter's playing on the piano almost drives you wild?

An overheated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to 90°. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find the woman who swelters all day in such a temperature and adds to it at night by superfluous bed-clothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that

would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her rooms at 65° and opened the windows every now and then.

2d. *Eat plenty of well-cooked and nourishing food.* The nerves cannot be kept healthy on slops. Gruels, panadas and teas are well enough in their way, but the nerves require for their proper nourishment undiluted animal and vegetable food; as a rule the former should predominate. Meat-eaters are rarely troubled with nervousness. Americans eat more vegetables than any other well-to-do people, and they are probably the most "nervous" nation on the face of the earth.

3d. *Take sufficient physical exercise in the open air.* When you feel irritable, tremulous, fretful, fidgety, and unable to concentrate your thoughts on the veriest trifle, take a long walk, or split half a cord of wood. Even the extreme nervousness of lunatics is best quieted by bodily labor. The homicidal maniac who cannot if kept in his cell be trusted with a bodkin may safely be given spade, pickaxe or hoe and set to work in the garden. His irritability is quietly led off into another and safer channel, and his nerves are strengthened.

These are the principal rules. If they were faithfully followed, there would be less work for us doctors to do.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

MADAME EDMUND ADAM, one of the busiest women of the nineteenth century, has recently been forced to a course which will send a sympathizing thrill into the breast of every lover of *bric-a-brac*. Notwithstanding the size of her *salon*, one of the most beautiful in Paris, the pressure upon her reception list is so great that every superfluous article of furniture has been removed to make way for the crowd of eager guests. Socially she is one of the most charming of women, sought in every direction, and between these claims and the still more stringent ones of "*La Nouvelle Revue*," works often until three in the morning. Her only time for the slightest attention to the beautiful, though inconspicuous toilets for which she is noted, is at breakfast. A dummy of exactly her height and figure has been made, and is wheeled before her with the various dresses for the day, and any needed suggestions to the sorely tried and often bewildered maid, are then given. A fine constitution and most methodical habits enable her to bear up under the almost overwhelming pressure of work, and an occasional season of absolute seclusion in her country home sends her back refreshed and ready for a renewal of the enormous drain upon both physical and mental resources.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A GERMAN scientist finds that the true color of perfectly pure distilled water is a fine deep blue-green.

PROFESSOR LESQUEREUX has found the trails of insects on magnolia leaves from the tertiary of Alaska.

THERE is some reason to believe that ants produce sounds of such high pitch that they are inaudible to the human ear.

AN American anatomist maintains that owing to the diminution in hard knocks and butting, the human skull is becoming thinner!

AN insect of the genus *Pyrallid*, previously quite unknown to entomologists, has very generally ravaged the corn plants in the Southern States during the past year. It has recently been carefully described by Professor Riley.

GOLD is far more widely distributed than was formerly supposed. Many clays contain it in appreciable quantities. In one of the Virginia gold mines \$160,000 worth of pure gold was recently taken from a space of three square feet.

AN English geologist, Mr. J. C. Southall, endeavors to prove that man existed in America in the Pliocene period. It is safe to say that no competent American geologist assigns a greater antiquity to man on this continent than the glacial epoch.

IN plants a deficient diet results in an excess of males. M. Bora has recently found that in tadpoles a rich nitrogenous diet favors the development of an excessive number of females. Evidently in both instances the female sex is the result of the most perfect nutrition.

A WRITER in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain* argues that the art of music in pre-historic times passed through three distinct stages of development, each characterized by the invention of a new form of instrument, and that these stages invariably succeeded each other in the same order all over the world.

WHAT COMES OF SWAPPING.

An old cloak is warmer than new-fashioned clothes; one feels more comfortable in an honest old blue coat with a long tail than in the silly things worn now-a-days—nothing in front and nothing behind; and one walks easier in old boots than new ones, especially if one is troubled with corns; and everybody has corns in due time; some hurt here, others there.

So I think to-day, now I am old; but when a boy of twelve I was always having something new. If I got a new knife or new bow and arrow I carried them about with me two, three or four days, then left them lying around or lost or swapped them and had something else new; and from curiosity I soon acquired a love of swapping, and from this might easily have gone to something worse if our Lord had not caused my old uncle to give me two smart slaps at the right time.

Every bargain needs two people, one clever and one stupid. The business may be bad for both; the clever fellow gradually becomes a rascal, the stupid one a beggar.

Well, I must without knowing it have leaned a little toward the latter side, for people have always reckoned me among the stupid ones, and when I look at the condition of my property I can't exactly contradict them. As my friend Landlord Gollenreider in Trepton says, "let it be as they like," I got the slaps, and since in my native city this was thought right I probably deserved them.

But the reason I got them is as follows:

I had a wonderfully handsome buck rabbit, Maltese with a white face, and my best friend, Fritz Ritsch, wanted it. Fritz Ritsch and I were always swapping and I had received all sorts of fine things from him, only it was a pity that I didn't exactly know what to do with them. Well, this time he wanted to give me in exchange for my rabbit eight chessmen, three blown eggs and half of a pair of snufflers. I was also to have one of the pups of his Aunt Rümpler's terrier when it had pups, which, however, as I afterwards learned by experience, wouldn't have been likely to happen, as it was a male dog. Well, everything was all right except the half of the pair of snufflers. I couldn't get that through my head and asked, "Fritz, what am I to do with this old half thing?"

"Why," said he, "I found it when I went into the wood-yard yesterday; you can surely find the other half there and then sell it for eight groschen."

Yes, that I might easily do but I had often looked and never found anything, so the matter seemed doubtful. Then he said: "Fritz,"—for my name was Fritz too—"just think, my father is only a blacksmith and your father is Burgermeister; why shouldn't you find something as well as I?"

This was true, so the bargain was concluded and he went away. But as he walked out of the garden gate with my rabbit and I stood looking at my three blown eggs and half pair of snufflers—smack, smack—I got the two slaps, and when I looked around saw my mother's brother, Uncle Matthias, who had been sitting behind the apple tree and heard the whole bargain.

My Uncle Matthias was an old soldier and had queer ways; he always struck first and then told why. He had been in Hungary and Poland, seen the world and knew a great many stories; but the worst of his stories was that they always had a moral which I would gladly have had him omit, for when he came to it he always gave me a box on the ear to make me remember it better.

When I had received the slaps my Uncle Matthias sat down on the bench under the apple tree and said, "Boy, do you know why you had that memento?"

"No, uncle," said I, "you haven't told any story."

"That will come afterwards," he replied. "You got the punishment for your bargaining, for so far as I know your father wants to bring up no jockeys. Now come here and listen to the story."

"When I was stationed at Peterwardein with the Hungarian Uhlans we had a captain in the squadron, a man who had a little hump between his shoulders and was always wanting something new and as full of whims as a donkey is of gray hairs; if he fell into a gutter he didn't rest until he tumbled into a ditch too, and if he wore boots to-day would have shoes to-morrow and slippers the day after. Yet he had plenty of money and the follies his foolish brain invented his purse made good, at least for a time."

"What then was more natural than that

our little misshapen captain should always have a crowd of hungry comrades about him who stuck like leeches, drained him like leeches, but laughed at him like rascals behind his back. Well, one of this brotherhood told him that the greatest pleasure in the world was to sit in a glass coach drawn by four horses and ride up and down the high road. Our little captain remembered that he hadn't done this, so it was something new, and as my friend Cobbler Samekowitz in Rostock used to say, 'consequently' the glass coach and mares were procured and the greatest pleasure in the world began, but also came to a speedy end; for when our little whipperstraw of a captain sat in the glass coach and slid from one window to the other, like the devil in a medicine bottle, the people stood still and laughed as if they saw an ape.

"After three days it was an old story, but luckily the colonel of the regiment married a young wife and she had set her heart on driving up and down the highway in a glass coach drawn by four horses. The colonel had no objection except the expense, and for years had sung in the evening the beautiful song, 'Die Traktementen, die sind zu klein!' but he had always considered directly afterwards how he could best increase his property, and three days before his wedding won from a Hungarian count a calash with two horses, one of which was a regular screw."

"So he went to my little captain and told him how delightful it would be to turn coachman and drive himself, and as the two things needful to make a trade, a clever man and a simpleton, met, the bargain was struck, the colonel's wife got a glass coach and my captain the calash and the screw."

"One fine morning when all Peterwardein expected no harm, my little captain was sitting in his new calash driving himself, and ran the pole through the window of the colonel's lady's coach. This made a great stir, and the colonel's adjutant came out and asked if the devil was in him."

"No," said the captain, "not in me, but the mares." They talked it over and over till the talking became bargaining, and the bargaining became a swap. The adjutant was also one of the people who know how to manage so that no harm comes up the rope to them when they lead dogs, and my little captain got in exchange for his calash and pair of mares, a saddle horse, a gray, which it had been the same in front as it was behind, would have left nothing to be desired.

"I knew this gray thoroughly; it had been sent to Bukovina the year before to make up the number of horses wanted for the cavalry; and the little captain received in exchange for his two horses one good-for-nothing devil, for there were ten furious fiends and fire-eaters in this one gray, which ran with all four legs in the air at once, and was of no use in God's world except to stand in the stable, eat oats and smash the groom's shins."

"Well, my little captain got this very gray, and the next day mounted it and rode through the streets of Peterwardein into the fields, and the ten devils in the gray rode with him, but remained asleep, and the gray danced along the road like Clerk Blocken's old black mare. My captain was riding onward thinking of nothing in particular, when a hunter came up with a dog, and my little captain began to wonder where the hunter was going and where the dog was going, and what the dog was doing with the hunter and the hunter with the dog. While he was thinking over these circumstances the ten devils in the gray waked, rubbed their eyes, and whish!—my little captain was lying in the ditch."

"Here, my son," said my uncle Matthias, "here." I thought his confounded moral was coming and ducked. "No," said he, "not yet, the story isn't finished; here my son originates the saying: *When do mountain and valley meet?* To which the answer is: When a Pucklichter falls into a ditch."

"The confounded gray then ran round the race course till it reached the spot where the captain lay, when it kicked, plunged, neighed and snorted, while the ten devils in it had its tail straight out in the air."

"My little captain gathered his bones together out of the ditch as well as he could, spit fire and flame, snatched the hunter's gun from his shoulder and shouted 'Wait, you scoundrel, we haven't done with each other yet, as the turkey cock said to the earthworm writhing in its bill,' and wanted to shoot the gray."

"But the hunter caught his arm and begged him to spare the horse; it was a senseless animal and meant no harm. When my little captain swore he couldn't bear

the sight of it, the hunter swore that he needn't; he would take the beast himself and give his hunting-dog for it, and at last succeeded in soothing him."

"So this bargain was struck. But the dog was not the end of the swapping; there was more to come."

"My little captain knew as much about hunting as a cow does of Sunday, but for the sake of the brown dog he became a great Nimrod, ran about in a pair of huge top boots, shot himself with both barrels through the brim of his hat before the eyes of the whole squadron, and then went partidge-shooting as if nothing had happened."

"Well, I was then quartermaster and acted as a mother to the whole squadron, kept the key of the strong-box and could accommodate the officers by making advances, so they often took me with them when they went out hunting, and I was tired enough of running about, for I got nothing but weary legs."

"Well, my little captain and I went together, and I was clever enough to keep three steps behind, for I thought, 'Your calves and what is over them are not his hat-brim.' My little captain called his dog, whistled, patted, stroked and flogged him, pulled his ears, made him seek and carry, and went through so many performances with him that even a dog with an angel's patience would have lost its wits. Ponto at last became so giddy that he ran when he ought to have pointed and pointed when he ought to have run, and the captain fired and missed, blamed Ponto and wanted to kill the dog. I pitied the creature and said: 'The dog is young, captain, it hasn't been trained enough yet; let me have it, and I'll give you this pipe-bowl. See, there's the famous city of Criwitz in Mecklenburg painted on it; this on the left is the church-tower, and these little lumps on the right are the vineyards.'"

"He had a large collection of pipe-bowls—that I knew—and on some were Vienna and Ofen and Trieste, but he hadn't one with Criwitz, so it was something new to him and he made the exchange."

"Then we went home, he smoking his new pipe. As we entered the Peterwardein gate, I felt so tickled, that I said: 'Captain, do you know what you're really smoking?'"

"He looked at me in a puzzled way, and answered: 'A pipe.'"

"No," said I, "a glass coach with four horses," and showed him what he had made by his swapping."

"He took the glass coach and four, the calash with two horses, the gray with the ten devils, the young dog, and the pipe with the city of Criwitz and all her vineyards, and smashed the whole on a stone, saying: 'Then I'll get rid of the trumpery.'"

"So he lived on until he hadn't even a trifle to smash on a stone, and all his troubles came from his love of new things and his swapping."

So saying, my mother's brother, Uncle Matthias rose, and when I ducked again on account of the moral, said:

"I'll let you off this time, but look carefully at the broken trash you've taken for your beautiful rabbit, and as for Aunt Rümpler's terrier's puppy, mark the old proverb: 'What comes after, the wolf bites.'"

With these words he went out of the gate.

I stood there, looking at my treasures, perceived I had been a great simpleton, and from that hour never swapped anything again; but the love of "something new" lingered a long time—a long, long time. Many follies, many hardships have come from that egg. Well, I believe I've done with them; now new boots pinch me, a new coat squeezes me and new faces annoy me. I wish I was sitting under the old apple tree again hearing the old stories, and my uncle Matthias could again give me a memento. I would heed it more now.

From the German of FRITZ REUTER.

THERE seems to be no reason to doubt the statement made by Dr. Draper in his recent work on "King's Mountain and its Heroes," that Major André, who has for a hundred years represented to the popular mind all that was chivalrous and noble, was twice guilty of theft. On the first occasion when stationed in Philadelphia, he stole from the University a set of *L'Encyclopédie*, a present from the French Academy through the hands of Franklin himself. The second offence was the taking from the house of Franklin his portrait and sending it to England. Such thefts are not regarded as common larcenies, many good people insisting that books are on the whole common property.

IN EXTREMIS.

Now that Hope lies sick to death
Come and weep—
None can stay her parting breath:
Dark and deep
Let her grave be—cool and quiet
Under all the summer riot.

At her head let roses be,
For a sign
Of Love's ardent wreath that she
Might not twine;
And, for Peace she might not meet with,
Lilies cover her white feet with.

Now that she is dead and dumb
Stay your tears—
In the years that are to come,
Sunless years,
She again, again will never move you,
Only hopeless Sorrow prove you.

All your weeping is in vain—
She is dead—
Years can make her not again
Lift her head—
Dearest, most divine deceiver,
Say your last farewell and leave her!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER III.

BUT Miss Riddell was not destined to "bell the cat" on this occasion. Valerie, who was a little behind time, met her issuing from the door as she reached it. "I am obliged to change my plans, Valerie," she said. "My poor friend is very suffering and anxious to press on to Mentone. So I have promised to spend the day with her and see her off by the night mail. I wish you would tell Sybil from me that I am excessively vexed with her. I had not time to scold enough and she is only just up; she will tell you all about it." With a friendly nod Miss Riddell walked briskly away.

"Much effect the scolding will have," thought Valerie as she looked after her and then entered the house.

It was the morning on which Valerie (for her sins) gave a lesson in composition and literature to the three young ladies at present grinding at the Pension Rosambert. The task was uncongenial, for the tastes of her pupils were by no means conducive to progress and the slight difference of age between herself and those she taught somewhat weakened her authority. Moreover, though all three, especially Sybil Owen, could talk French fast enough, the writing of it was another matter.

Not a little cast down in consequence of Miss Riddell's defection she was greatly disturbed by the fear of not being discreet in her conduct toward the brown stranger and yet anxious not to seem ferocious in her rejection of his advances. "If he could but be made to understand," she said in her heart as she crossed the threshold and found herself face to face with Madame Rosambert, whose very white curls were an air of severity.

"You are late, Mademoiselle," she said. "The English 'Meeses' await you in the cabinet d'étude. Had I not the most amiable indulgence for you, in consideration of your English training, I would ask what circumstance interfered with your punctuality—what interruption you met en route. Young girls must be discreet and careful—extremely careful—do you hear, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, certainly, Madame. My uncle was a little late in waking to take his chocolate, which delayed me," returned Valerie smiling, but painfully conscious of a guilty blush. Why should Madame be so suspicious?

She begged that Miss Owen might be called and entered a dingy den at the back of the house. Greeting Miss Green of Manchester and Miss Smith of Birmingham, who were seated behind a formidable array of cahiers and books, she set to work at once on a "dictée." This had been scrambled through and the littérature lesson advanced a stage when Miss Owen made her appearance in a rose-colored robe de chambre much trimmed with quilted satin and Bréton lace. Valerie had just put the question, "qu'est ce que l'ironie?" and Miss Smith was stumbling over the answer, "une figure par laquelle on peut faire entendre le contraire de ce qu'on dit."

"I am sure that is a favorite figure of speech here," cried Sybil, coming to her place. "The heap of lies that every one tells is extraordinary."

"Pray take your seat, Mademoiselle," said Valerie in French, with severity. "I shall be happy to hear your opinions after déjeuner; at present attend to what re-

mains of the lesson of which you have lost so much."

"You dear old thing, don't put on these governess airs to me! I can tell you I am in no mood for lessons or anything solemn, and if you say another word I will dance a jig on the table and scatter your copy-books to the four corners of this noble chamber." Miss Green and Miss Smith looked aghast. "I am just full of the most delightful ideas—get along, will you, with the lessons? Here, I will do what I can, and after déjeuner I will tell you my plans. Mind what you are about," with sudden sharpness to her fellow-students, "I am not going to tell you. You go in for work. I don't. If I did I *would* work."

"You are very polite, I am sure," said Miss Smith, a stout, stolid girl who breathed audibly, but was otherwise inoffensive.

"These are Canadian manners," sneered Miss Green, who was tall, thin and huffy.

"Whatever they are you must put up with them. I am not ill-natured and I am going to give you both a treat if you behave yourselves. They say we are to have a great frost, and you shall come and see me skate."

After this outburst the lesson went on but lamely and all parties were relieved when the bell rang for déjeuner. That meal over there was an hour's rest. Sybil swept her much-enduring instructress up to her room, which adjoined that of her aunt. "I am just dying to have my say out," cried the irrepressible Canadian.

"Well, before you begin hear me," said Valerie. "I am commissioned by Miss Riddell to give you a scolding. I do not exactly know why, but she is extremely vexed with you."

"Oh, I know well enough. I have not done one bit of harm. I will tell you all about everything. I had the most delightful day with the Hartwells. The drive to Stèves was nice enough. I was soon sick of looking at the cups and saucers and the vases and things in the museum. Then we had a turn in the Bois and went to dinner. I nearly laughed myself sick talking over our old jokes at Fräulein Baumgarten's school in Dresden. But in the evening about twenty people came in. We had music and then pushed away the tables and chairs to dance. Captain Grey was there, and who do you think came with him? Why, my old friend Eric Floyd. He has just come from London, where he has been staying with the Riddells. He was so glad to see me and says I am just as pretty as ever. He did not say it out like that, but I knew what he meant. He is handsome in a way—not elegant and soigné like Captain Grey, but there is something about him—Oh, you would have been amused to see how Captain Grey tried to cut him out! But I stuck to Eric. We had such lots to talk about. I could have cried to think how far I was from the beautiful lakes and mountains and the snow and the skating and sleighing of my home—not that I have much of a home. Well, I danced and flirted to my heart's content. I did not mind any of the other men much, they were rather poor creatures, and at last when I saw Eric yawning in a corner and stealing a look at his watch I said to Mrs. Hartwell I must go home, though it was not at all late, so she said she would send her maid with me and that the man should fetch a fiacre. Well, I put on my hat and my big woolen shawl—I don't look bad in that red hat!—at the bottom of the stairs whom should I find but Eric and Captain Grey lighting their cigars. Eric said, 'Where do you put up?' I ought to have called on your aunt, who is with you, but I lost her address." I told him and then Captain Grey said imploringly, 'May I not come too, Miss Owen?' So I invited them both on the spot to afternoon tea on Saturday (to-morrow). Lord have mercy upon me, what *will* Aunt Hetty say! Stop," for Valerie made an attempt to speak. "Do let me finish. They accepted, indeed I may say jumped at the invitation, and then Captain Grey said, looking up at the stars, 'It is a downright sin to shut yourself up in a stuffy fiacre such a lovely night. Suppose Floyd and I walk home with you after our old Canadian fashion.' 'By all means,' said I, so he dismissed the fiacre and then to my disgust Eric says, 'Two are company, three are none; I'll make my adieux.' I was horribly vexed and cried, 'Oh, we can be a *partie carrée*. You can walk behind with Louise; she looks very nice.' He just laughed and walked off. It was so careless and unfriendly of him. However, it seems he had an engagement somewhere. At all events I had a very nice walk with Captain Grey all up the Champs Elysées and down the Avenue de la Grande Armée. I do not think Louise liked it, but

Captain Grey made me say he would give her a drive back (he cannot speak French a bit), for he said the stars would not look quite the same when I was not there. Stupid fellow! Wasn't it nonsense? Now I should like to know what was the harm of all that. Yet when Aunt Hetty came into my room this morning and I told her right out she threw herself into such a fury and said I was culpably careless of appearances and too great a flirt, and that I must have disgusted Eric Floyd. Then she fell on him and said he was a good-for-nothing, conceited jackanapes and ought to have called on her long ago, that he had no business to let me walk back alone with an unprincipled ne'er-do-weel like Captain Grey, and a lot more. I just told her that Eric and Captain Grey were the dearest friends, they were perpetually out bawling and goodness knows what together. I dare say one is as good as another; at any rate she was in a hurry to go out and as we both talked together I had no chance to tell her I had asked both to tea to-morrow. I had better arrange everything with Madame before she comes back. Aunt Hetty will not like to say I have done it all without her knowledge. Now isn't that a history?"

"It is indeed, Sybil; Miss Riddell will be awfully cross when she knows how you have used her name."

"Well, she generally is, so it does not much matter. She cannot bear me. I know I just set her teeth on edge like a discordant note. She is in a fidget from the time I come into the room till I go out again, when I am certain that in her heart she says 'Thank God! Yet I am not a bad sort of girl, eh, Val?'"

"I am sure you are not; at any rate you are a 'sort of girl' I can be very proud of."

"Can you?" cried Sybil, giving her a sudden impetuous hug. "Then you are the only staid, proper person that ever did care for me and if any one ever *could* make me prim it would be yourself. But what is there wrong in being natural and what is the good of being stuck up? Anyhow I cannot be. I like to amuse myself and now is my time; in ten years I will be a stiff, cross old cat like Aunt Hetty herself and no one will care to flirt with me."

"Miss Riddell is the wisest, kindest"—interrupted Valerie.

"Yes to you," broke in Sybil in her turn. "But remember, Val, I was your first friend. How fond I was of you before Aunt Hetty came, and you must stand by me. I shall never forget how you nursed me when I had that horrid cold and sore throat."

"Nor I all your kind help and comforting last winter when I was still so sad and broken-hearted after my dear, dear mother's death."

"The fact is we are a brace of angels slightly disguised," cried Miss Owen. "Now listen to me; by the dint of good luck Polly Green (I am certain they call her Polly at home) is going to the dentist's to-morrow with Madame, then there is some sort of preaching or service at the church in the Avenue de la Grande Armée and Mrs. Meyrick has invited Julia Smith to go with her for a treat. You will be quite free and I do hope and trust you will come in to tea, in short you must; put on a lace tie and a pair of cuffs and you will look nice enough for anything. I want you to see Eric Floyd and Captain Grey. I shall enjoy talking about them to you ever so much more when you know them. I want your opinion. I like them both, but Eric is—well, you will judge for yourself."

"Sybil dear, don't you think and talk too much about this gentleman. You must be perfectly exhausted. You have scarcely drawn breath for the last ten minutes."

"Exhausted! Not a bit of it. You don't know all I can talk. Then it is delightful to meet some men friends after being shut up with a parcel of old women and girls. Val!" solemnly, "Is there any amusement on earth so delicious as flirting—with a nice cavalier, I mean?"

"I dare say there is not, but I have had no experience," replied Valerie laughing.

"Have you never, never had even a little bit of flirtation? What a dreary existence!" cried Sybil gravely. "You come in to-morrow and try your hand. Yet I am not sure I should like to give up either of them—Eric or George Grey I mean. If you do go in for a little 'coquetterie' let it be with Captain!"

The rest of her sentence was lost, for Madame Rosambert suddenly appeared.

"Passing your door, mes chères enfants," she said, "I did not hear the sound of the piano. I fear Mademoiselle Valerie does not enforce that amount of serious study!"

"Oh, Madame Rosambert," interrupted

Sybil, drawing the sedate head of the establishment with no gentle force into the room, "I will practice directly, but I just have a word or two to say to you. Did my aunt tell you she expected two gentlemen, old Canadian friends, to call here to-morrow and would like to give them a cup of tea?"

"No, your bonne tante did not mention her wishes."

"Ah! she went out in such a hurry you see," cried the audacious Sybil. "But I am sure you will let us have cups and saucers and milk and things about four in the salon. Valerie and I will make the tea if Marie will let us go into the kitchen, and I will go out with Valerie presently and buy cakes and biscuits and tea. Oh, madame, where can we get tea—really good tea?"

"Ma foi! Mademoiselle, I imagine Chez Chaubot!"

"It is abominable stuff. I have tried it. No, we must go to Potin's. But I will see to all that; and you won't mind opening the volets for once, dear Madame! I know my aunt especially wishes the volets to be opened."

Miss Riddell was in deep but by no means speechless indignation when Valerie saw her next day, and that was not till after déjeuner, for she had to escort Miss Green to a drawing class in the morning.

"I do not know what tempted me to undertake any share in guardianship of such a girl," she exclaimed when Valerie came to her room by her own request. "I believe she has deliberately asked that Captain Grey to annoy me. I should not mind her inviting Eric Floyd, for I agree with his father that it would be well if she were settled under a husband's care. This Eric is the man I told you about. But that flighty spendthrift young rifleman—I do not want him. He will spoil all the schemes my brother and Mr. Floyd have pieced together for her benefit. I never was so provoked by any one as by Sybil Owen, and she knows it."

"Believe me it is her overwhelming sense of fun and the honesty of her nature that make her so wild. Do have faith in her yet awhile."

"Faith indeed," cried Miss Riddell. "I wish, my dear, you would join us at tea. You would be a help to me, and see how that hair-brained girl behaves herself. I will walk with you to the Place de l'Étoile after. By-the-way, how did you get on last evening?"

"Very well indeed. I saw no sign of my friend, or rather my persecutor."

"So far so well. To-day we will see!"

"Come along, Val," cried Sybil rushing in with her usual empressment. "Come and put your hair straight. I will tie your cravat for you. Aunt Hetty, I wish you had a less doleful cap. Do let me put a bunch of poppies I have into it. They would suit you so well—wouldn't they Val?"

"Have the goodness to let my toilette alone," said Miss Riddell sternly, and taking up her crewl she descended to occupy the salon.

"I think my dress is pretty," said Sybil, surveying herself in a cheval glass. "A jersey rather suits me." She wore a dark blue jersey, with a prettily draped serge skirt and a silver collar locket and bangles, a ribbon of a lighter shade tied among her abundant curly fringe.

"I will not flatter you, Sybil. I will not even agree," returned Valerie, laughing. "Pray am I not looking well dressed and altogether charming?"

"I am not sure that you don't," said Sybil gravely. "That green cloth becomes you, and that is a lovely 'bit of lace' you have wisped round your neck. I have nothing like it. Have a piece of old-gold satin ribbon to tie up your bonnie brown hair?"

"No, dear; it is not worth while to go up stairs again."

"There is the bell," cried Sybil.

"Go find your aunt," said Valerie. "I will see that the water is boiling and the tea made."

A few minutes after Valerie glided quietly into the sacred salon, with its Buhl cabinets, inlaid tables, fur rugs, and velvet sofas—that shrine of elegance seldom desecrated by the foot of man or woman either. She was followed by Madeleine, who carried the teapot, and directing her where to place it Valerie, feeling a little shy, raised her eyes to take a look at the gentleman of whom she had heard so much.

In one of the windows, talking and laughing with Sybil, stood an upright, soldierly-looking man of about thirty or thirty-two, above middle height, fair-haired, with a tawny moustache and a cool "man-of-the-world aspect," as though he knew his own

value and that of his fellow creatures; while standing on the hearth-rug and bending to speak with Miss Riddell, who was smiling with an air of some embarrassment, was a tall, a very tall gentleman, with well made but loosely-fitting clothes, abundant red-brown hair, beard and moustaches, and a pair of fine, large dark eyes that lit up with a pleasant smile as they met those of Valerie, who turned dizzy with wild surprise and a mixture of varied feelings as she instantly recognized the dreaded man of the Madeleine.

The mutual recognition however was a silent one, and Valerie's entrance attracting Sybil's attention she turned quickly to introduce her visitors.

"My old friend or enemy (which is it, Eric?), Mr. Floyd, Valerie. And Captain Grey, Miss Trevor. I never do anything 'selon les règles,' and I had almost forgotten your surname. Miss Trevor is the only bit of comfort I have had in this detestable pension, and I flatter myself I have kept her alive, if it was only by the series of electric shocks she has sustained at my hands."

"That I can quite believe," said Eric Floyd in his deep, tranquil voice. "How long have you been here, Sybil?"

"A whole year. Fancy my being put here at eighteen to learn lessons and improve myself! It is too cruel! I tell you if I am left much longer I shall run away."

"Yes, I certainly would were I you," remarked Captain Grey, half closing his light and somewhat steely blue eyes. "Imagine you want to improve yourself by a series of soirées, balls, races and picnics according to the season."

"Exactly," returned Miss Owen, going over to the tea-table to which Valerie had retreated without speaking. "Eric does not take sugar, Val!"

While Miss Riddell was talking to Floyd about Paris and his first impressions, Valerie was schooling herself.

She was a girl of a somewhat complex nature, full of kindly impulses, of warm affection, of slumbering passion, all suppressed by a life of self-surrender, to the severity of which she was scarcely alive, so hidden had it been by her sympathy for those she served. But its training strengthened and developed the reflective side of her character, and she now strove to reason herself out of the confusion and embarrassment that overwhelmed her when she found herself face to face with the brown stranger. "I am making too much of it all, treating it too much au grand sérieux. Now that he finds me among people he knows the oddity of the adventure will pass off, and he will not think so much about me." And as she argued with herself her color subsided, and she grew more composed, much to the satisfaction of Miss Riddell, who watched her closely, and thought as Valerie stood beside the tea-table in the first moments of the embarrassing rencontre that a sweeter picture of shrinking consciousness—half fear, half pleasure—had never riveted the admiration of man, and that her old friend's son drank it in she did not doubt, though his attention seemed still given to herself.

"My chief impression of Paris," Mr. Floyd was saying when Valerie again listened to what was going on, "is disappointment. It is so hopelessly new—all old landmarks have been swept away—one cannot realize that the scenes we have read of, the events on which modern history hinges, have happened here. For my part I have an extravagant love for old buildings, old streets, tumble-down places of all descriptions. I don't suppose," advancing to the table to take a cup of tea from Valerie, and addressing her, "I do not suppose you, who have been born and brought up in an old country, can realize the sort of wonder and reverence these traces of the past create in us frontiersmen of the New World."

"I can imagine it," said she softly, and raising her eyes to his she could not control a bright amused smile that spread "from the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes."

Eric Floyd smiled too, a grave and quiet smile, and continued to speak as though he had never met her before. "I greatly enjoy visiting these places, but I cannot fancy the idea of living among them."

"No! You are a thorough backwoodsman. You cannot think what a lovely spot he lives in, Miss Riddell. Mountain, river, lake, forest, everything; and such sport! Of course it is *rather* out of the world," said Captain Grey.

"Then you are established for yourself, Mr. Floyd?" asked Miss Riddell.

"Yes. I went up to this place, Maufort-sur-lac, when I was quite a boy. My father bought it years ago, when prices were dif-

ferent from what they are now. It was very wild and remote then, and I went with a party to clear it. I worked hard enough and made it what it is. Then my father gave it to me, and I would not exchange it for a principality in Europe."

"Oh, it is charming and delightful," cried Sybil. "I remember going there with your father and eldest sister just before I came here, but it must be awfully lonely. What is it you dislike in Europe, Eric?"

"Several things; principally the distrust every one seems to have of their fellows, even people of one's own class appear to think you are a pickpocket if you venture to speak to them without an introduction."

Valerie turned aside to hide the quick color that sprang to her cheek at his words.

"That is unavoidable in our stage of society," said Miss Riddell. "The dwellers on the doubtful border lands of respectability are so numerous, the difficulty of distinguishing true from false so great, that every one is bound to be circumspect."

"I suppose so," said Floyd, and again his eyes sought and met those of Valerie with a grave and meaning smile. At this juncture Madame Rosambert entered en grande tenue, very smiling and bland, and to her Miss Riddell hastened with much emprossment to present her guests. Madame made a pretty little speech, into which she contrived to introduce the merits of her pension, its situation, the excellence of her table, the study of the "comfortable" to which she devoted herself, and finally mentioned that although it was contrary to her rules to receive even gentlemen so distinguished as those she had the honor to address, they might recommend it to "their sisters, their cousins and their aunts," etc., etc.

While the conversation became general, Eric Floyd, who had kept his place beside the tea-table, said in an undertone to Valerie: "I trust yet to win your forgiveness. Will you try and forget what must have seemed audacious and intrusive to you?"

"Yes," returned Valerie quickly, "if you promise to let me do so."

"Agreed," he rejoined; "let us bury the war hatchet. 'Do you find Sybil Owen very unmanageable?' he asked after a short pause. 'She was considered so at home, but she had not much of a chance there.'"

"I never attempted to manage her," replied Valerie. "But I am sure any one who loved her would have no difficulty with her; she is sound and true of heart."

"I believe it," said Floyd, looking over at her with a kindly smile. "It seems so strange to meet little Sybil Owen here in Paris."

"You are talking about me, I know you are," cried Sybil, breaking away from Madame Rosambert to come across the room. "What was he saying, Val?"

"That you were a troublesome girl, and that I was sorry for Miss Trevor's task," said Floyd.

"Why? Do you suppose it's Val's business to keep me in order? I assure you it is not. Nevertheless I am not sure that she doesn't. It is quite amazing how a prim thing like her avoids being disagreeable!"

"You speak French, I suppose, Mr. Floyd," said Miss Riddell.

"Yes, after a fashion. All the 'habitants' about me speak French—rather patois French; but I learned it grammatically, and he was drawn into a conversation with Madame Rosambert."

"I must go away now," whispered Valerie to her friend. "It is still so light and fine that I shall walk across the Bois to Passy."

"And I will come with you and bring them," with a nod towards Captain Grey; "it is getting slow here."

"You had better not, Sybil. I would much rather not."

But Sybil had already exclaimed, "Miss Trevor is going home, and I am going to walk with her part of the way. Who will come?"

"I will!" and "I will!" from both gentlemen.

"And you, dear Miss Riddell," said Valerie approaching her with imploring eyes, "will you not come too? I am sure a walk will do you good."

"I am not sure of anything of the kind," said Miss Riddell crossly; "but Sybil leaves me no choice." And turning to Madame she explained her intentions, and made the necessary excuses, while Madame smiled complete approbation. The fire was getting low, and there would be no need to replenish it. The light would soon fade, and there would be no need of extra bougies, so she wished them very heartily farewell.

The pedestrians were soon equipped, and sallied forth into the dry clear air ready to enjoy a quick, invigorating walk. Valerie offered her arm to Miss Riddell, who, though she usually rejected such aid, on the present occasion at once accepted it. And Sybil called out: "Come, Eric, you must walk with me." After which command Captain Grey attached himself to Miss Riddell. Valerie, who was very silent, found their conversation amusing, and was not surprised that Sybil thought Captain Grey charming and delightful. He was the first specimen of a polished traveled mondé Englishman she had ever met, and she was agreeably surprised. After walking thus for some quarter of an hour Eric Floyd paused to put some questions to Miss Riddell, then all went on together. Finally Captain Grey appropriated Miss Owen, and Mr. Floyd fell into conversation with Valerie and her companion, very different talk from that of his friend—easy, natural, but with a tinge of originality very delightful to a mind like Valerie's.

At the Lakes Sybil wished to make a détour. The water she thought looked still and filmy as though it promised ice.

"Then I shall leave you here," said Valerie; "I am quite near home."

"Perhaps you had better," returned Miss Riddell, who seemed less at ease than was usual with her; "and I shall not stay out long; I am tired and cross."

"Is it well to go on alone all the way to Passy?" asked Mr. Floyd, looking wistfully at her.

"Better alone than under escort I assure you!" cried Valerie laughing and coloring vividly.

"She is right," said Miss Riddell.

"Good-bye then," said Floyd, "and au revoir; I do not know my ground here." He raised his hat, and with a slight hesitation held out his hand. Valerie put hers into it, felt it held perhaps a trifle too long and too closely, and then turning walked quickly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EMERGENCY DRILL.

SOMETIMES in the long winter evenings, Henry Bruce amused himself making out lists of lonely people, and his own name always stood at the head. He agreed that Robinson Crusoe had a hard time, but Robinson Crusoe could remember when he had as much company as he wanted, and Henry could not. The Man in the Iron Mask was solitary enough, but how about the time before he wore it? As for St. Simeon Stylites, Henry would not put him on the list at all, because, even if he did choose to live on the top of a high pillar, he always had a crowd gaping up at him. Henry's grievance was one he shared with Adam; he had never had a boy to play with him.

His father was the keeper of a light-house on the northern coast of England. The light-house stood on a rock two miles out at sea, but Henry lived with his mother and little sister in a cottage on the mainland. There was not another house within sight, and not a boy within a day's travel. Men used to come up the coast shooting and fishing, but curiously enough no boys ever came along, and although Henry had seen him on vessels, he had never had a good, honest hour's play or talk with a boy in all his life.

There was another odd thing about the life here. At all light-houses in these times there are two or three men, so if one gets sick there will be some one to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had never had an assistant. Everything had always gone on right, and so the government had never realized that he was alone, and he never spoke of it because he was afraid that he would be paid less if he had a man to help him. He expected Henry to take the place of assistant as soon as he was old enough. In the meantime to educate the boy for possible contact with the world, he used to put him through what he called "The Emergency Drill." This related to different matters, but it always began in the same way. The first question was: "What is the matter?" The second: "What first?" Then, "Do I need help?" and if the answer to this was "yes," then: "Where shall I get it?" Henry became so used to these questions that he put them to himself on many occasions, and he often amused himself playing he was a general on the battle-field, or a king out hunting, and he imagined all sorts of troubles when the "Drill" was of use.

One morning a fishing boat came in bound to the nearest town, and Mrs. Bruce asked the men to take her along to buy yarn for the children's stockings. They

agreed, but told her she would have to walk back, but she was willing to do this, although the distance was twelve miles, because, as she said, if they did not take her she would have to walk both ways.

Everything went on very well until near sunset when the sky began to cloud, and little Lucy became cross and sleepy and cried for her mother. Henry gave her bread and milk, but still she fretted. She did not want to play and she would not go to sleep.

"My goodness!" he cried. "I wish all babies were grown up! I would rather hunt lions than take care of you!" He then picked her up and carried her to the door. "Now," he said, "we will watch for mamma."

The rocks stood up against a gray and heavy sky. The wind had begun to moan, and the birds flew screaming over the water. There was not a sign of their mother coming on the beach, and Henry felt more lonely than ever. He looked over to the light-house and wished his father would light it up, and it seemed to him that sunset, the time for lighting, must surely have come. Suddenly a little flag appeared in the lantern. Henry sprang to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed in real earnest.

"I don't know," was his reply.

"What first?"

"To go to the light-house."

But he was mistaken. The first thing he had to do was to dispose of Lucy. He could not take her; he could not leave her.

"If you were only a horse," he hurriedly cried, "I could put you in the stable. If you were a cow I'd tie you to the stake; but what can I do with a baby?"

"Lucy can go," said the child.

"No, she can't," he answered. And then he looked out again, but his mother was not yet in sight, and the red flag which meant "Come at once," still shook and beckoned to him.

He tied Lucy into her little chair with an apron, and wrote a note to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER father wanted me right away and the lamp is not lit and it is after sunset and I hope Lucy won't get into any trouble."

"Your son HENRY BRUCE."

He put this note in front of the lamp and hurried off.

A boat was always kept ready, and Henry sprang into it and rowed off with energy. It was dark, however, when he reached the light-house, and the rain had begun to fall. He tied his boat to the little pier and ran to the tower. He opened a small, heavy bronze door and entered a large, always dimly-lighted room, in which was stored coal and wood, oil for the lamp and fresh water from the main land.

The stairs were in this room and Henry ran up. The room above was the kitchen, over that was the bed-room, and from this a ladder led to the lantern. Henry called but there was no answer. He went up into the lantern. All was dark and silent. He spoke again and again but still all was silent. Then he heard a groan, and he rushed down the ladder, got the keeper's hand-lamp and ran back. His father lay on the floor; his eyes were closed and blood ran from his temple. It was plain that he had fallen and hurt himself.

Henry began to cry. He did not know what to do, and the "Emergency Drill" didn't occur to him. Then he remembered that he ought to stop the flow of blood, and taking his father's handkerchief from his pocket he tied up the wound. Still his father neither spoke nor moved. Then he cried again. And then he thought of his mother. She must by this time be at home, and without hesitation he rushed off again, but this time to his boat. It took but a moment to untie it and spring in and be off.

The rain fell heavily, the waves dashed on the rocks, and Henry looking up saw the dim outline of the light-house. He stopped rowing. His heart gave a great jump, and before his eyes seemed to flash the "charge to keepers" hung up in the light-house:

"You are to light the lamps every evening at sunset and keep them burning bright and clear until sunrise."

His father's faithfulness, the great importance of lighting up, rushed into Henry's mind, and again he involuntarily repeated his "Emergency Drill."

"What is the matter?"

"The lamps are not lighted."

"What first?"

"To light them."

He turned his boat and rowed back a few rods. But was it first? It could not be! He must take his mother over. His father would die for want of help. As he paused,

trembling, anxious, irresolute, he remembered how often his father had said that no wreck should ever be his fault, and it was a terrible night!

Henry knew what his father would say, and he at once rowed directly back. He returned to the house, stumbled up the dark stairs, got the lamp again and ran up into the lantern. It took him but a moment to light the lamps, and the glow spread out on the sea, and aroused by the glare his father opened his eyes.

"The lamps," he said.

"I have lighted them," Henry replied; "and now I am going for mother."

"Stay!" was the answer, and his father closed his eyes again.

Henry hesitated, but he sat down in the hard chair in which his father spent each night watching. He knew what his father meant. The lights would go out, and needed care all night.

And so Henry sat there. The wind howled; the house shook and swayed; the sea-birds dashed against the glass; the rain beat on the roof, and all sorts of wild sounds seemed to be in the air. Sometimes he got up and bathed his father's head with water. He brought a pillow. He talked to him, but had no answer but a moan, yet he never cried, and he never ceased to keep the lights burning "bright and clear."

It seemed to him nearly morning when he heard pounding at the light-house door. He knew it was some one seeking shelter, and he went down and opened it. There stood a man and a boy and—his mother!

Henry cried then! And he laughed and he clung around her neck, and he poured out that his father was hurt and he had kept the lights burning, and he had to leave Lucy, and all of it in one breath.

"But," said his mother, pushing back her wet hair, "I do not understand. Where is your father? Where is Lucy?"

"He is up stairs. I left a note for you by the lamp."

"But I have not been home," exclaimed his mother. "I have been all night on the sea. Our friends here told me they would give me passage back, so I waited. It became dark so early, and we were dashed on the rocks and our mast broken. We had no idea where we were, and we could not see the light-house. Then all at once it blazed up, and all night, this fearful night, we have struggled toward it."

And so it was his mother that Henry saved when he decided that his father would hold his duty dearer than his life, and turning back took his place and kept the signal lights burning.

How happy they all were that night after the keeper was carried down stairs and came to his senses, and told how he fell and only had power to put out the flag. The only thing that troubled Mrs. Bruce was the thought of Lucy tied in her chair. When Mr. Bruce recovered he asked for an assistant, and when the man came behold he brought his son, a year younger than Henry, and Henry felt as if he had got his "Man Friday."

LOUISE STOCKTON.

PERSONAL.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI lives now entirely alone in his beautiful house in London with its garden in which he delights to walk. The fortune necessary for such an establishment came from the sale of his pictures which bring enormous prices.

It is not generally known that we owe the work of Mr. Burne Jones in art to Mr. Rossetti, the former having originally intended to enter the church. William Morris was also influenced by the same voice in the selection of his special path in poetry and art, and Mr. Swinburne also calls him master.

BARON TAUCHNITZ, the well known German publisher, commemorated the new year of 1882 by a memorial volume, the two thousandth of his series. It contains with few exceptions facsimiles of the signatures of all the American and English writers whose works are included in the Tauchnitz series.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON is considered by Rossetti to take the leading place among the younger English poets. He is the son of Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist; and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose death a year since was so serious a loss to English poetry, was his brother-in-law. As a writer of sonnets on Love and Death, Mr. Marston has no living peer save Rossetti himself. He has published two volumes of poems—"Song-Tide," and "All-in-All," and has a third volume nearly ready. Blind since the age of three, his poems are distinguished for a keen and exquisite sense of natural beauty which a painter might envy. He is, at present, thirty-one years of age, having been born in the August of 1850, and has plenty of time before him in which to do his best work.



MOUNT VERNON, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY W. T. RICHARDS, IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN SARTAIN.

WASHINGTON'S BURDEN OF CARE.

THE autograph of the accompanying note, written by Washington more than a hundred years ago, is in my possession.

Is the reader's curiosity excited by the question: What was the "unavoidable business" which so absorbed every moment of the time of the Commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, while quiet and secure in camp in the hill-country of New Jersey, that he could not dine away from headquarters? Let us seek an answer.

The generous and abiding friend of the Americans and the beloved of Washington, the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had served with zeal and distinction in the Continental Army eighteen months, went home to France in January, 1779. Ever planning some good for the cause which he had espoused and the people whom he had adopted, he had, since the treaty of alliance between the United States and France, concluded almost a year before, ardently desired the presence and co-operation of a French army in America to assist the patriots in their struggle for political freedom and the right of self-government.

There were serious obstacles in the way. The scars of recent armed conflicts with the French were yet fresh. There were bitter memories of cruel desolations of the frontiers by the French and Indians. Grave seniors and even light-hearted juniors who had vivid recollections of sanguinary strife with the French and their dusky allies during the Seven Years' War, shook their heads in doubt whether prejudices, widespread and deep-rooted, would tolerate a French army on American soil, even as avowed friends. Congress was jealous of the introduction of foreign soldiers into the interior of the country, and Washington's judgment yielded reluctant assent to Lafayette's project.

The Marquis felt confident of a happy result from such an armed alliance. Of this he had an interior conviction which no argument or authority could subdue. It had the force of a divine prophecy, and circumstances afterwards justified his faith. He hastened to France. His fame had gone before him, and he was received with honors which a great conqueror might be satisfied with. In the streets, in the salons, in the theatres, he was greeted with applause. In the popular dramas his name was interwoven. He had personal interviews with the court, and his enthusiasm and persuasive eloquence softened the hatred of Democracy in the heart and mind of the Bourbon monarch. He remained in France a year or more pressing his suit for armed forces to be sent to America, and was successful. The Count de Vergennes requested him to draw up a plan of an expedition. It was done and approved. Not content with soliciting troops for America, he requested large supplies of clothing, guns and ammunition. These were promised, and this was about all that was done. So yield-

ing was the court to his plans for aid to be sent to the patriots beyond the seas that old Count Maurepas said one day in the Council: "It is fortunate for the king that Lafayette does not take it into his head to strip Versailles of its furniture to send to his dear Americans, as his majesty would be unable to refuse it."

A French squadron, bearing more than four thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau, sailed from Brest for America early in April, 1780. Lafayette preceded this armament as bearer of the glad tidings of the approach of relief and substantial strength in aid of the Americans. He sailed in the frigate *Hermione* on March 19, and arrived in Boston on April 26. After resting for a day or two he journeyed on horseback with a single attendant by way of Springfield, Hartford,

Waterbury, and New Haven, to New York City, where he arrived on May 15th. On that day, the Chevalier de Luzerne, French minister to the United States, was at that juncture. He assumed a heavy burden of care in addition to that already laid upon him. He assured the Marquis that he would apply himself with all possible activity to hasten forward recruits and to collect provisions before the arrival of the French forces. He immediately wrote letters to civil and military authorities at different points, requesting them to supply watchers, boats and pilots at various places on the coast from Cape Henry in Virginia to the Penobscot River, for the destination of the squadron was unknown. Washington felt compelled to press forward in the matter with all possible despatch, for the expedition was expected somewhere very soon.

Major Galvan, a French officer in the Continental service, was sent to Cape Henry to watch for the squadron. By him the Commander-in-Chief sent a letter to Governor Jefferson of Virginia on May 15th, requesting him to furnish the Major with boats for the purpose of boarding the French vessels; also one or two skillful pilots. He enjoined him to keep the business of Galvan a profound secret, as the Tories, if they knew it, might kill him. He also requested Jefferson to keep Galvan well informed of affairs in South Carolina, against the capital of which Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis had been operating for some time. Charleston was surrendered to them three days before the letter was written.

On the same day (May 15th), Washington wrote to General Heath, then in command at Boston, revealing to him confidentially the good news. It was believed that the primary object of the French Expedition

was the destruction of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and with it the naval arsenal and garrison there, which were the main support of the English marine in the West Indies. Heath was directed to gain such information as he might, "particular and minute," through frequent flags of truce passing between Halifax and Boston on the business of exchanging prisoners, respecting the military strength of the former place, and to send such information to headquarters. He also wrote to Mr. Bowdoin (afterwards governor of Massachusetts), on the same subject.

The resulting effect of these letters was the sending to headquarters a large amount of information concerning the station at Halifax, and an official map of the harbor on which was marked the depth of water and the disposition of all the fortifications. Heath was also instructed to furnish the expedition, if required in operations against Halifax, "some skillful and faithful pilots, acquainted with the coast and the harbor."

Congress at that period was weaker than at any time before. Faction disturbed its councils and darkened its wisdom. This was the most gloomy time of the war financially and otherwise. Fortunately for the country the conduct of military affairs was left almost wholly to the control of Washington, by whose wise advice much of the most important legislation also of that body was shaped. Finally in the midsummer of 1781 the allies marched to Virginia and worked harmoniously in effecting the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Lafayette's faith was justified.

From the time of the arrival of Lafayette at headquarters at Morristown, on May 10, 1780, until after his departure for Philadelphia, Washington was burdened with uncommon care and labor. The pressure of business was incessant and exacting. The brief narrative here given of the nature and extent of that business answers the question, What was the urgent occupation that kept the Commander-in-chief from the pleasures of the dinner-table of Lord Stirling on "15th May, 1780?"

BENSON J. LOSSING.

Gen. Washington pres^{nt}
his Compliments to my Lord
Stirling, & pray his excuse for
not doing himself the pleasure
of dining with him to day.
— Unavoidable business puts
it entirely out of his power to
do this
Monday 15 May
1780

Fishkill and West Point to Washington's headquarters in the house of the Widow Ford, at Morristown, New Jersey. There he was received by the Chief with warm embraces on the morning of May 10th, and dined that day at headquarters with only another guest—General Philip Schuyler—Washington's most trusted counsellor and friend. The Chief and the Marquis passed four days together in consultation respecting the French expedition and its reception on our shores; and on the morning of the 15th Lafayette set out for Philadelphia, there to confer with the French min-



OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

II.—SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

"Primeval woods, untrod by human feet,
A sanctuary of the wilderness."—Camden.

THE coast forests of Southern Florida are the only true virgin woods of the United States. In New England nearly every acre of woodland has been desecrated by the axe. The highest mountain forests of the Alleghenies are visited by hunters in winter and berry-gatherers in summer. Kentucky has ceased to be a hunter's paradise; but in Florida the larger part of the sixteen thousand square miles between Cape Sable and the lake region of Sumter County is still a wilderness whose outskirts can be explored only in the driest season of the year, and whose depths will still be a *terra incognita* when the wild west has become a tame farming land. A sierra is less impenetrable than a tropical swamp, and the vegetation of Southern Florida is more than half tropical. The difficulties of inland travel in the Orange State were well illustrated by the failure of the Wacissa expedition, but still more strikingly by the topographical history of the Okeechobee region. During the Seminole war our troops penetrated that region with the aid of a St. Augustine guide, but the next generation lost the secret of the route, and for more than thirty years the accounts of the size, the scenery and of the very existence of an inland water of more than five hundred square miles were founded only on dim traditions. So many fables clustered around the mystery of the "Great Lake of the Everglades" that the account of Prof. Ober ("Fred Beverley"), who re-discovered the overland route in 1874 was received almost with regret, as the demolition of a pleasant geographical romance.

But Ober's discovery only revealed the water ways that connect the lake with the estuaries of the Gulf coast—the swamp itself has kept its secret and its charms for the explorers of the future. The *terra incognita* proper begins at the south shore of the Caloosahatchee River where the cypress swamp is mingled with a dense undergrowth of dogwood and evergreen vines, though in the immediate neighborhood of the river the thickets are accessible enough to afford a glimpse of the wonderland beyond. Even these outskirts would reward an adventurous sportsman, and contain on a given area a greater abundance and variety of game than any other region of the North American continent on this side of the Rio Grande. At the mouth of the Ca-

and cabbage-palms rise like reeds from the water, dogwood and prickly vines weave their thickets through the underbrush of the wooded island, and bushes of all shapes and sizes sprout in and around the piles of driftwood that accumulate along the shores of the larger creeks.

It is wonderful how many children of our northern terra firma have become semi-aquatic in these water jungles. The black fox clammers across a half-submerged snag and at your approach skips nimbly from log to log; cotton-tail deer dash through the canebrakes with flying leaps, the gray wolf sneaks into a reed thicket that seems to lead into the depths of a lagoon. South of Fort

Thompson there are large flocks of turkeys in districts where they can hardly find dry ground enough to build a nest; they seem to live on the trees and may hatch their eggs in the driftwood piles; their chief enemy is the panther, a rather frequent guest of this wilderness and a formidable competitor of the lynx that explores the tree-tops and the black bear who forces his way through the underbrush. Wildcats and smaller game abound in the cypress jungles. There are five varieties of squirrels, black and gray foxes, a small fish-otter (*Lutra palustris*) and countless raccoons. Raccoons are fond of swamps and find a very paradise in the everglades. No frost, no droughts, few hunters and inexhaustible supplies of crabs and fish.

If it were not for mosquitoes and fevers a true Waltonian could never find it in his heart to leave the Caloosahatchee. It is *par excellence* the fish river of our continent. Its waters abound with fish of all sizes from the red-fish or channel-bass to the pondrous pompano (*Bathrolemus pompanus*) and the gigantic ray. Both salt water and lake trout can be found anywhere between Fort Thompson and the

ago. Every steamboat ascending or descending the St. John, every pleasure yacht that enters the reefs of the Indian river, every public or private sail-boat on the western lagoons, pours a hailstorm of bullets and buckshot on the heads of the devoted saurians. Sailors spear them, farmers poison them, sportsmen hook them; nay, the Remingtons have patented an "alligator bullet," warranted not only to penetrate the scales of the biggest cayman, but to add to that injury a deadly insult by exploding in his interior mechanism. A Spanish cayman-hook weighs about three pounds, and is generally baited with fish or a dead muskrat, the knob being attached



BOON COMPANIONS.

to a common boat rope, though the dead pull of a full-grown alligator would break a two-inch tow, not to mention his sudden plunges which tear the meshes of stoutest net like a spider web. The natives are up to such tricks. They fasten the hook as described, and hitch the other end of the rope to one of the supple trees—hickory, swamp cypress or Spanish gum, that can be found anywhere along the shores of the southern coast rivers. Instead of splintering, the elastic wood yields, and just resists enough to break the force of the plunge, and only after the captive has thoroughly exhausted his strength, his captors unhitch the rope and pull him shoreward. If the hook has caught him in the forepart of the jaw, an alligator sometimes manages to demolish the rope with his back teeth, and to complete his discomfiture the rope end next to the hook is often made of strands of loose hemp strings that defeat such attempts by sinking in the interspaces of his fangs.

In the nomenclature of the Florida lakes "Bird-islands" are as frequent as "Nigger-towns" in the suburbs of a Georgia city, and the whole Orange State is in fact a land of birds and flying insects. According to Prof. Maklay's accounts New Guinea must be the ornithological Eden, but all flying and fluttering creatures of our own continent seem to have a general rendezvous in the lake region of Southern Florida. The Everglades are the winter asylum of nearly all the migratory birds of our eastern seaboard. Robins, blackbirds, meadow-larks, woodpeckers, cat-birds, pigeons and American cuckoos swarm in the pine thickets of the hummock region. Blevies of quail frequent the underbrush the year round. There are four kinds of swallows and the birds of prey are represented by not less than fifteen species, including three kinds of eagles and the great Black Vulture (*Cathartes niger*). Waterfowl are so abundant and their varieties so infinite that almost every explorer of the southern swamp belt has come across a larger or smaller number of nondescripts. Audubon's catalogue looks large enough to satisfy any fireside naturalist, but professional hunters shake their heads at the idea that even in the upper counties all the different species have been or could be identified. Specialists are generally of the same opinion. The storekeeper at Punta Rassa has shot and stuffed nine different kinds of herons—perhaps the most complete collection of the indigenous varieties—but he assured me that the "Big Cypress," as the settlers call the southern part of the Everglades, contained at least as many more. Many kinds of waterfowl never leave the inland lakes; the purple gallinule has been seen on the upper Kissimmee, and the crying-bird (*Agelaius canutus*) only on the south shore of Lake Worth.

There are twilight birds and night birds proper; the oriole and "Chuckwill's widow" are seen soon after sundown, the night heron flies croaking over the moonlit lakes, and in very dark nights the cry of the great horn owl (*Strix tubo*) comes like a spirit-voice from the depths of the cypress swamp. The little paroquets (*Conurus Carolinensis*) are pretty abundant on the upper St. John and are sold for a dollar apiece on the wharves of St. Augustine, where you can buy any pet from a bluebird to a tame panther. A larger variety with red crests and dark yellow wing feathers is said to frequent the forests of the Pease Creek delta. It has never been taken alive, but stuffed or rather dried specimens are sometimes offered for sale by the Indian hunters that visit the landings of Charlotte Harbor.

There are still Indians in Florida. The tribe that had fought the Spaniards for two hundred years before our own troops tackled them was not entirely crushed by the Jackson campaign; about two hundred warriors with a few squaws and children took refuge in the western Everglades, and after several years of negotiations and Congressional debates the Hon. Jefferson Merrill informed the government that they seemed inclined to keep the peace and might be permitted to remain. The truth is that it would not have been quite easy to remove them. They have a little village on the western shore of Lake Okeechobee and sometimes visit the Charlotte Harbor settlement, be-



IN THE EVERGLADES.

ing about as social as the half-wild deer that are petted by the guests of the St. Augustine hotels; but, like those deer, they are rather fond of woodland rambles, and in case of need would soon retire to regions where no hunter could follow them.

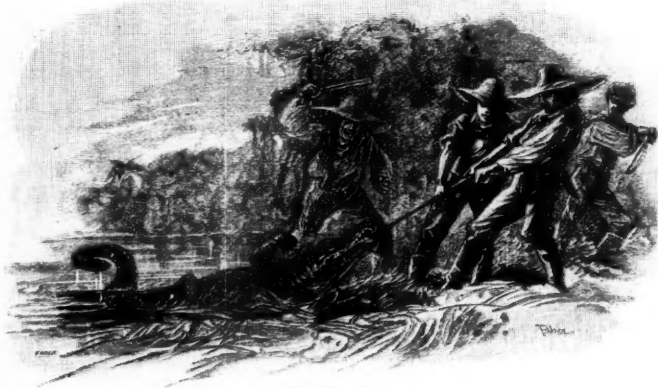
FELIX L. OSWALD.

In a room of the Pitti Gallery called the "Education of Jupiter," hangs a portrait, the "Donna Velata," or Veiled Lady, unknown to the guide-books, and therefore generally unnoticed by the average sight-seer. But to those "whose eyes were made for seeing," there is a remarkable resemblance both in type of features and in the general arrangement of the veil over the head to the most wonderful of Raphael's creations, the "Madonna di San Sisto."

Not only this, but the same features appear again in the "Fornarina," though coarser in mould and grosser and heavier in expression. That the same model sat for all, and that the pictures represent an ascending series of efforts is the latest theory so skilfully and carefully demonstrated in a recent number of the *Art Journal*, that one may accept the conclusions with little or no hesitation. In the "Fornarina" flesh predominates. The face has small attraction, and in the luminous pale olive tints of the form, splendid as both modeling and color are, there is no hint of soul. In the "Donna Velata" a step upward has been taken. The features are refined and the whole expression altered, and at last, in the Sistine Madonna, mind and soul have conquered, and while outline and drapery remain the same, the last taint of earthliness has escaped; from Magdalen has been evolved the Madonna.

A St. Catherine, once in the collection of the famous Earl of Arundel but now lost to us save in engraving, is almost identical in composition, and seems to afford an added proof of the truth in the present theory.

EVERY first thing continues forever with the child; the first color, the first music, the first flower, paint the foreground of his life. The first inner or outer object of love, injustice, or such like, throws a shadow immeasurably far along his after years.—Richter.



CO-OPERATIVE FISHING.

loosahatchee, about sixteen miles south of Charlotte Harbor, there is a little telegraph station, Punta Rassa, or Rassa Depot, where the Key West steamer calls on her weekly trip to Tampa Bay, and where travelers can procure sail-boats to Fort Thompson on the upper Caloosahatchee. Fort Thompson is about thirty-five miles from the Punta, and the high bluff opposite the old battery affords an exquisite site for a hunting camp. On the north shore of the river the land swells into hummocks, bordered by pine barrens and further back by broad savannahs; and this dry land region too is a veritable game park, sparsely settled and full of deer and turkeys; but the true adventurous ground is across the river in the pathless swamp jungles that extend from the Caloosahatchee almost to the foot of the coral-reefs on the southern coast of the Peninsula. The western half of Monroe County is a continuous wilderness. Dense cypress forests skirt the shores of the creeks that here and there expand into sedgy lagoons; mangroves, swamp-laurel

Punta, and their excess of confidence almost spoils the fun; they bite at anything and seem to compete for the honor of selling their lives for a grasshopper. Besides two or three species of drum-fish and the delicious whiting (*Merlangus glanis*, the best of all coast water fishes), there are black and red snappers (*Serranus*), yellow perch, sunfish, river sharks, and *caecalis* (*Pompanus defensor*), a smaller and finer variety of the common pompano. The Tampico fishermen call it the *arco iris* or rainbow fish, and the brilliancy of its colors is hardly surpassed by the Mediterranean dolphin which it far excels in the delicacy of its flavor.

"Pan fish," as the sailors call all eatable denizens of the deep, are indeed almost a drug in Florida waters, and if fun is the object the natives generally bait their alligator hooks. If it were possible to exterminate a creature that multiplies at the rate of forty youngsters per year and derives its provender from an inexhaustible storehouse, the last *crocodilus lucius* of the Peninsula would have been killed years

OUR SOCIETY.

EDITED BY . . . LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

CONCERNING INVITATIONS.

It would be an interesting study of character to look through the invitations and replies received by a fashionable lady in a single season, and observe the different forms used in inviting as well as in replying to invitations. To ask a friend to come to you on a certain day and hour seems a very simple matter; yet there are few surer indications of the precise social status of a person than the manner in which this courtesy is extended. There are differences in paper, in engraving, in phraseology, none of them of life-and-death importance, but all of them significant. An invitation florid in its style of expression, or written or printed on fanciful paper, at once stamps the sender as not to the manner born. If an invitation is written, it should be on thick white paper, quite plain, or with a simple crest if the writer is entitled to use one, or with merely a monogram. If it is engraved, it should be in plain script, and with a careful avoidance of all flourishes.

The mere knowledge in what name an invitation should be given, and in what manner it should be addressed, comes not by nature but of grace. Invitations to a ball or an evening party are issued in the name of the lady of the house only, and to her only are the replies to be addressed, while invitations to dinner are given jointly by the host and his wife.

Mrs. John Jones is "at home" on a certain evening, but Mr. and Mrs. John Jones request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's company to dine; or still more cordially, Mrs. Jones writes:

"Mr. Jones and I hope that you can give us the pleasure of your company for dinner," etc.

Invitations written in the third person are usually answered in the third person, while it is not courteous thus to reply to the more friendly invitation written in the first person. I have seen answers to invitations in which the writer fell into the error of saying:

"I accept with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. John Jones."

This change of person is altogether inadmissible. To "present one's compliments" in response to an invitation is certainly not a rudeness, but it is no longer good style. It is out of date, like the word genteel. Nor is it the best form to say the polite invitation of Mr. John Jones, as if an invitation might have been given which was not polite. Your kind or your very kind invitation, on the other hand, is a graceful recognition of the courtesy extended.

A first invitation should always be accepted if possible where an acquaintance is desired, and if any inexorable circumstances prevent this acceptance, the regret sent should give a full explanation of these circumstances and should be written in terms of especial cordiality, and the earliest opportunity should be taken to extend some courtesy in return. As a rule no one will send a second invitation after the first has been refused until some such recognition has been made, since no one likes to seem to force an acquaintance.

A dinner invitation should always be replied to on the day on which it is received. Your hostess is making up her table, and she needs to know at once on whom she can count. Half the secret of a pleasant dinner is in the adaptation to each other of the guests, and especially of those who are to sit next each other for two hours. Invitations to a ceremonious dinner should never be sent less than ten days before hand; and in the height of the season, in a large city, it is customary to send them two weeks or more in advance of the date of the dinner, as it is taken for granted that agreeable people are likely to be full of engagements.

If a dinner is to be given in honor of some special person, it is usual to invite that person first, and give him the choice of two or three different days. Having thus secured your chief guest, formal invitations are sent out to the others. It is bad form to invite more than two, or at most three, from the same family. A husband and wife, a brother and sister, with the addition of one visitor in the house may be invited—more than this out of one house savors too much of a family party. In inviting a lady who is guest in a family with whom you are acquainted, it is proper to invite with her at least one member of the family she is visiting.

It is a much discussed question how far one is at liberty to ask for invitations for one's friends. I think this is a matter in

which the most scrupulous delicacy should be observed. One may sometimes refuse an invitation, mentioning as a reason for this refusal the presence of a guest in the house; but even so strong a hint as this should very rarely be given when the invitation is to a dinner, or a small lunch or supper party. Your hostess has, no doubt, arranged her table, and it might completely disarrange her plans to add one more guest. To imagine yourself for a moment in the place of the entertainer would show you how rarely such a tax should be levied on one's friends.

But suppose, for instance, the invitation is given by an intimate friend, and you are aware that some person of unusual interest or distinction is in town whose presence would add both pleasure and prestige to the feast, and you know this person, and feel sure that you could secure him. To propose bringing such a guest would then be to confer a favor instead of to request one. What hostess, for instance, would not be willing to have her arrangements a little upset for the sake of introducing to her friends some beloved author or distinguished statesman?

When a dinner invitation has once been accepted, no slight cold, no trivial indisposition, no proffer of any other entertainment however tempting, should be allowed to interfere with the engagement. It is the one social obligation that is inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but, I suppose, even the laws of the Medes and Persians were broken sometimes, and sometimes one cannot go to dinner when one has promised. A member of the family is taken seriously ill—you hear of the death of a dear friend—any one of the swift, sad casualties of life may happen, and you have no heart to make merry. In that case a full explanation must be sent, and sent at the earliest possible moment, in order that there may be time to supply your place.

It is showing very scant civility to decline an invitation without giving any reason why.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith regret that they cannot accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Jones" is a far less courteous form of refusal than, for instance, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith sincerely regret that absence from town will prevent them from accepting the very kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Jones," etc.

You regret because of absence, because of a previous engagement to dine elsewhere, because of a recent bereavement, because of illness in your family, and these regrets do not wound, while an unexplained regret often gives to a sensitive person the idea that you did not care to come.

In replying to an important invitation great care should be taken to mention the day and hour, thus guarding against any possibility of mistake. A certain distinguished novelist in London sent a card inviting an equally well-known American novelist, who was in town at the time, to the christening of her first baby at a certain church. The American drove to the church at the appointed time, and lo, it was closed! With some difficulty he found the sexton, and presenting his card of invitation inquired what it meant, and discovered that the christening had taken place the day before at the hour named, the lady having written the wrong day of the month on her card. To guard against an error of this kind it is better to say Monday, the 24th, instead of merely the 24th. Accuracy as regards dates and figures is as important to the woman of society as to the cashier of a bank.

All invitations should be answered promptly, unless it be to a kettledrum or some affair so informal that the lady writes her invitation on her ordinary visiting-card; then, unless R. S. V. P. is in the corner, you need not reply, and when the time comes you go, or if you cannot go, send your card by way of recognition of the invitation.

Invitations to balls are less formal now than they used to be. An ordinary "At Home" card with "Dancing" written in one corner is quite sufficient. In England stationers keep large cards on hand with "At Home" engraved in the centre, which you fill up as you please. These cards are a great convenience to those who entertain frequently and should be widely introduced in America. Invitations of a more formal description are engraved in full, either on a small sheet of note-paper or a large card with the envelopes to match.

I would make a plea that all invitations and replies should be sent by post. This has become an almost universal practice in London, where distances are so great

that it would require a small army of messengers to deliver the cards for a grand crush. It is far more convenient to send in this manner and it is certainly infinitely more convenient that replies to invitations should be brought at four or five different hours in the day by a postman and left *en masse* than that there should be a perpetual ringing of the door-bell from morning till night.

Invitations to theatre parties are sometimes an exception to this rule. If the invitation is given at short notice it is well to send a special messenger, who waits for a reply, rather than to chance the delay of several hours by post; as a lady wishes to fill the box or the stalls that she has taken and must settle at once who is to occupy them.

The initials R. S. V. P. are less and less frequently seen upon cards, as it is more and more understood that an invitation just as much in common courtesy requires an answer as does a question in conversation. It is not always requisite to answer an invitation in the same formal terms in which it is given. If, for instance, it is received by an old friend whom you have not met for some time, some cordial expression of pleasure in the renewal of the acquaintance is quite in order. Or if the invitation has been extended in consequence of some common friendship or any special incident which at all removes it from the ordinary give-and-take of society, it is but gracious to infuse into the reply some special recognition of this special grace. In short, in giving and replying to invitations, as in all matters of etiquette, the first requisite is the knowledge of the customs of good society and the next is the delicate tact and discretion which point out to you how far it is best to conform to these customs. There can be no rule so strict that it has not its exceptions. Nice customs courtesy to great kings not only, but to common sense, expediency, and above all to kindness of heart.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"In paying a visit of several days to a friend, is it proper to remember his servants with a gratuity?"

It is certainly not obligatory thus to remember the servants, but it is customary; and, moreover, it seems to me a pleasure, when one has been cheerfully served, that one would hardly be willing to forego. In England, it must be confessed, so much largesse is expected as to become rather burdensome to a person of small means. In large houses men servants, as a rule, expect nothing less than gold, and you would hardly give to a lady's maid from whom you have received daily assistance at your toilet a less sum than five dollars. In this matter of gratuities, as in all others, there is room for common sense. I have known a poor teacher to be asked, on purpose to save her the expense of board, to a house where the servants were so numerous and their expectations evidently so large as to make spending a week thus more expensive than going to a boarding-house. I think in such a case as this there should be sufficient common sense and strength of mind to ignore these unreasonable expectations altogether.

"Is it always ill-bred to ask personal questions?"

It is always ill-bred to ask intrusive questions; but when a person talks to you about himself to ask no questions would be to seem quite without interest in the subject. Curiosity is a vulgar vice; but there is the widest possible difference between the obnoxious questioning of the curious and the tactful and sympathetic inquiries which make it easy for our interlocutor to tell his tale, and which show him that we really care to listen.

"Is it allowable to praise the dishes we partake of at a friend's house?"

It would often be very ungrateful not to do so. Anything like fulsome or indiscriminate praise should be avoided; but it would be in the worst possible taste to ignore the efforts made to supply for a guest the pleasures even of the table. The dish hitherto unknown to you, the family pudding, the cakes for which the receipt has been handed down like a family heirloom, surely these are worth an acknowledgment.

"Should children and servants ever be reproved in the presence of visitors?"

Servants never, and children as seldom and as delicately as possible. Why call the attention of one's guests to some defect in your servants which they might never have observed? Why make them uncomfortable by compelling them to share your own discomfort? Above all, why wound the self-respect of a servant by pointing out his deficiencies before strangers? The same may be said as to the reproaches bestowed on children. If they are annoying a visitor, it may be necessary to put an end to the annoyance, but, short of this case, it is both unnecessary and cruel to wound their sensibilities by a public reproof. A quiet sentence when alone with the child will do far more good, and give it a lesson, at the same time, in delicate consideration for other people's feelings.

IDEAS strangle statutes.—Wendell Phillips.

HOME HORTICULTURE.

EDITED BY . . . F. A. BENSON

VINE DRAPERY—THE VINE EASEL.

THERE are few ways of decorating apartments this time of year that will give them such graceful and charming effects as by training vines to grow over pictures, easels, or anything in fact that will give them support. The light and airy appearance of fresh green vines, their shadows and tendrils, their young leaves reaching out, are delightful and suggestive when the weather is wintry. Certain varieties of pretty and free-growing trailers will thrive finely by placing their roots in water. This is a most convenient and cleanly method of growing vines where there is not room for pots, or where these would be unsightly. Hyacinth glasses or large-necked bottles may be used to hold the water, which should be kept at the temperature of the room. This can be accomplished by putting into the glass some powdered charcoal, which will keep the water perfectly pure, so that it need not be changed (which would chill the roots). Of course the glass must be kept full by adding water as it evaporates. The pottery brackets which appear in china stores, so beautifully figured and flowered, are graceful holders for vines, and vases of all kinds may be ornamented by this filling. English ivy will thrive in water, but it grows so slowly that we prefer to keep it in soil. By bringing in ivy plants that have made progress in the garden, a sitting-room or library may be handsomely draped with this evergreen whose language is "Friendship." It requires little attention. It likes the dark corners, and needs but occasional watering. To be kept bright, however, its leaves, like those of all house-plants, should be sponged thoroughly at least once a month. Plants must have their faces washed the same as children—they show neglect equally as soon. German ivy, which is one of the prettiest house vines, also thrives in water. Vinca, or periwinkle, will grow slowly, and moneywort is another vine that grows fairly well in water. *Tradescantia* is the best and loveliest of all vines for water-growing. It will frequently gain an inch over night, and its leaves are so curly and it clings so tenderly that it is a "joy forever" to those who admire vine drapery. *Tradescantia*, or spiderwort, is named after *Tradescant*, gardener to Charles I. There are many varieties, the *T. repens* *vittata* and *T. aquatica*, the *T. gebrina* and the new *T. multicolor* being best for in-door cultivation. The latter variety looks beautiful when trained with the greener kind. Sweet potato vines are very ornamental and can be easily grown. A fully matured sweet potato that has not been kiln-dried should be selected and half of it placed in a glass of water in which pulverized charcoal has been sifted. The shoots must be trained on strings.

There are certain plants which will grow in water and are handsome for vase foliage. *Aspidistra cyperus* (or umbrella fern) and *Acorus*, a variegated grass, will thrive in a vase of water and are highly appreciated by flower-lovers who cannot afford fresh-cut bloom at this season.

The prettiest vines to grow in soil for room decoration are *Lygodium scandens*, or Japanese fern, which is the laciest, lightest and fairest; *Ficus repens*, very hardy and clinging, but coarser, and the *Othona*, or ragwort, which trails downward and if given sunlight will throw out a sheet of golden star blossoms.

THE VINE EASEL.

A vine easel is a lovely support for a picture, particularly the portrait of a dead friend whose likeness is so cherished it is pleasant to surround it with fresh growing plants. Bamboo must be the wood of the easel, as it is hollow and will hold tins made especially to fit into apertures which should be cut at equal distances apart—say eighteen inches. Fit the tins and fill with good soil. In these plant free-growing vines. *Tradescantia* and *Lygodium scandens* are the prettiest. Moss over the slits. When the vines are well grown the bamboo will be garlanded and a most charming easel made—far handsomer than if ebony or gilt. A portrait resting on it will be literally framed in vines.

NEITHER age nor confirmed invalidism seems to have any power to check the constant work of the shadowy yet always indomitable Alexander H. Stephens. Fourteen hours a day during his last Congressional vacation were spent upon his just completed "History of the United States," a work upon which he has been engaged for several years, and which will be published before the end of 1882.

AN ART TALK IN THE LOUVRE.

THE other day I spent a few hours in a delightful manner at the Louvre. Going to look there at Courbet's painting, "A Burial at Ornans," I fell in with M. Charles Serres, who is charged by the art minister to copy for the State Delacroix's wonderfully glowing and epic work, "The Entrance of the Crusaders into Constantinople." M. Serres is a young artist of technical ability, pictorial sentiment and great originality and penetration. As president of a masonic orphan society he has undertaken to look after the esthetic education of a number of lads apprenticed to decorative trades. These striplings he takes once a week through the museum, a church or exhibition. On the day on which I ran against him in the Louvre he told me that he was going to deliver for the benefit of his young protégés one of a series of peripatetic lectures on the historical and sculptured monuments there from early antiquity to the renaissance. As I expressed a desire to be present at his "Conference Promenade" he kindly asked me to remain with him. There were perhaps a score of apprentices, all plainly but neatly dressed in holiday clothing. They had the bright quick eyes and nervous-looking faces which one constantly finds in children brought up in Paris and born of Parisian parents. I was struck with the politeness of their manner and the attention with which they followed the discourses of the lecturer, who spoke in the manner of a hospital doctor when making his round in a sick ward. M. de Serres has a charming manner. A marble bust, painting, enamel or other triumph of artistic workmanship says to him an infinity of charming things, and he in a few terse yet eloquent phrases condenses the ideas which well up in his brain. He began the day I was with him, for no doubt my benefit, with some observations about the age of stone. This led him to the age of copper or of brass, and then he came to the age of iron. From this he went on to the monuments of Assyria and Egypt which represented the period of symbolical art. To the Semitic peoples the world was a school in which the Great Unknown placed man; and the lesser gods and birds, beasts, plants, lakes, rivers, waves, winds, fruits, flowers were so many object-lessons; hence the symbolism of their art. Life appeared to them as fleeting as a pantomime abounding in transformation scenes. They had not got to platonic idealism, but they were on the highway to it. In all the works of the Egyptians the notion was clearly expressed that after death there was judgment and that the tree of immortality had its root in truth and justice. Sincerity is a striking characteristic of both Ninevite and Egyptian art. It is this quality which makes the winged bulls and the sphinxes so impressive.

M. Serres improved this occasion to give a moral lesson to his youthful hearers and to impress upon their minds the odiousness of "scamped work." He is in ignorance of the books and essays of Carlyle, but until he told me so I thought he must be a disciple of him and Ruskin. The technical knowledge of M. de Serres came out in an explanation of the *procédé de moulage* of M. Lottin de Laval, who was, thanks to his process, enabled to bring home from the Semitic countries replicas of three thousand square metres of Cuneiform, Hebrew and Arabic inscriptions.

From Nineveh we went to Etruria. The ceilings painted by Heim and Picot in the Etruscan Gallery represent the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. M. de Serres chatted awhile about the volcanoes, and then he explained to the youths around him the greater truth than any of us suspected of the proverb that Rome was not built in a day. It arose upon an old civilization which, as no poet sang of its glories, was forgotten for a long course of centuries. Its power to express beautiful ideas seems to have flowed entirely in two channels—namely, high and decorative art. The Etruscans must have been a very highly gifted people in many ways, but not a moralizing people. The great problems involved in the words Life, Death, Eternity did not lay hold on their minds as they did on those of the Greeks, Semites and Egyptians. Their eyes were mirrors and mirrors only. They reflected truthfully what was beautiful and smiling in nature. Etruria seemed only to be conscious of the smiling side of the universe. It was in the nursery of antiquity the child, which to judge from its monuments, had the fewest bad dreams. But it was a sweet infant who was fated to die early, a beautiful spring flower which shot up in the

early days of March, was bright and fragrant for a few days and then faded rapidly away.

From Etruria we went to the Museum of Greek Antiquities. By this time the peripatetic lecturer was discovered by the general public and a crowd gathered. It would have been worth one's while to come all the way from Philadelphia to listen to this accomplished artist and critic. He has an astonishing faculty for getting at the vital principle of an esthetic school or of civilization which finds in art the exponent of its sociology, mythology and philosophy. When the philosophers begin to reason, M. Serres asked his hearers to observe, art begins to decline. Art is not unreasonable, but it is born of the heart. It is the expression often of lofty thoughts, but they must spring from generous sentiments. Head knowledge was a godlike thing, but heart power was a grander. The Roman Catholics felt this when they gave the highest place to the Virgin Mary who represented human sentiment purified and elevated. I know M. de Serres to be a free-thinker and I am sure that he did not intend to preach Mariolatry when he said this.

Of the statue of Achilles he had pregnant observations to make. This masterpiece was the intermediate link between the archaic simplicity of the Dorians and the ideal beauty of Phidias, which had been well called the triumph of truth in loveliness.

From Achilles we passed on to Alexander, to that glorious flagellation of brute ignorance, Apollo, to the Venus of Milo, the Venus genitrix, the Squatting Venus (Venus accroupie), Jason, the Gladiator, the Faun and the Child, and the two Satyrs. There was a high moral lesson to be deduced from Greek art. It was that if poverty was an evil, wealth that softened and paralyzed energy was a curse. Men always created their idols after their own image. The degenerate Hebrews who sighed for Egyptian flesh-pots and had run away with the gold and jewels of their Egyptian neighbors worshiped what?—a calf, the best thing on which to dine in the East. The Greeks worshiped healthy, active, high-spirited, swift-thinking humanity. Their ideal was a healthy, well-poised mind in a fine, hardy, elegantly proportioned body. In the early Græco-Roman school this ideal persisted. The Hunting Diana was a sister of Portia. Idealism died out in the Decline. Realism took its place. There was something of Zola in the busts of the gormandizing Cæsars. M. de Serres regretted that there was no good copy at the Louvre of a marble image of Nero in his boyhood which was found sixteen years ago at Nismes and is now in the Museum of that town.

We went from the Louvre to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where M. de Serres continued his lecture. He explained in discoursing on the horses of the Parthenon that the search after absolute beauty led to uniformity, and for the benefit of his young charges repeated the fable of the giant Antæus. "Our heads," said the lecturer, "should be like those of the date-palms in the Saharan oases, in the blue sky, but our feet should stay on muddy earth." Anchored to earth and aspiring to heaven, we were sure to do well in art, science, politics and everything else. Mind, Hegel taught, should rise above matter and from matter. The equilibrium of mind and matter according to our peripatetic lecturer was arrived at through the glorification of human suffering in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were then the great Italian schools of painting, architecture and sculpture, the truth-telling Holbein, Janet, Clouët and Durer; and in England, Shakspeare, who was the greatest intellectual giant of all. M. de Serres regarded Shakspeare as a grand summary of the renaissance and the genius incarnate of Western Europe.

EMILY CRAWFORD

ALL theories for predicting the weather lack as yet sufficient proof from observation. This is slowly accumulating by the exertion of the meteorological department of various nations, our own taking the lead. One of the positive results arrived at is the fixed relation between atmospheric pressure and temperature. This relation is not a simple but a complex one, and the simplest form in which its practical bearing can be put is to say that temperature depends on the direction and force of the wind. It is an interesting fact that last November in England was the warmest November for the past one hundred and eighteen years, or since thermometers began to be employed to record the temperature.

ART OF ADORNMENT.

EDITED BY KATE FIELD

KNEE-BREECHES—WHY NOT?

"In black velvet breeches,
Let him put all his riches."

Mist's Journal, 1727.

THERE are breeches, and breeches. James the First in stuffed breeches is not a pleasing object. He is the connecting link between picturesque mediævalism and modern utilitarianism, which dallied with knee-breeches before it unblushingly adopted the hideous but economical trousers. In the days of William the Third tight knee-breeches at first did not cover the knee, the stocking being brought over them to the middle of the thigh. The "Receipt for Modern Dress" at that period proclaimed of man that—

"With breeches in winter would cause one to freeze;
To add to his height must not cover his knees."

Later these garments were buttoned beneath the knee with gold, silver, steel, diamond or paste buckles. Toward the end of the last century buckles went out of fashion except for court dress, their place being taken by the inexpensive string. Black velvet breeches flourished when George II was king.

Then a change came o'er the masculine leg. Somebody with abominable calves, or probably no calves to speak of, took it into his head to wear top boots. Everybody else followed in his footsteps. "The mode makers of the age," thunders the London *Chronicle* of 1762, "have taken an antipathy to the leg, for by their high topped shoes and long trouser-breeches with a broad knee band, like a compress for the rotula, a leg in high taste is not longer than a common councilman's tobacco stopper." Toward the end of the last century doe and buckskin breeches were much worn, and even in walking it was the fashion to have them so tight that marvelous gymnastics were required to put them on. Fancy a gentleman exclaiming to his tailor, "If I can get into them I won't have them!"

On this side of the Atlantic knee-breeches disappeared about fifty years ago. In England they are worn by certain members of the clergy and reign as court dress. By the light of such facts why should a nineteenth century frenzy seize our population at the bare mention of these garments, and why should the wearing of them be regarded as a malignant form of idiocy? There are men of brains who, endowed with a love of beauty, confess to a hatred of the all-pervading trouser and to a desire that knee-breeches shall prevail as evening male attire. Why not? Why should all men be as atrociously alike as broomsticks? Why should gentlemen and waiter so closely resemble each other as to be undistinguishable? Why should color, grace, beauty be confined to one sex when the history of costume tells us of times when the dress of man charmed like that of woman? Why do modern artists shudder when asked to paint or to model contemporary man? Because of the angular hammer-tail and the ungainly trousers. I have heard a clever merchant declare that the decadence of sculpture was due to the disappearance of the human form and the reign of unsuggestive clothes. Aye, it was a New York merchant who fell upon his own garb and thus metaphorically rent it asunder.

There is nothing whatever to be brought forward in favor of trousers, except that they serve to cover up bad legs. Men without calves, when arrayed in the broadcloth of the period, are as pleasing as Apollos. But shall all male beauty be sacrificed to the calfless? Cannot art assist nature and supplement proportions akin to the meagre pipe-stem? Men on the stage are no better formed than those off, yet they creditably endure the ordeal of knee-breeches.

Moreover, small clothes can easily take the place of stockings, and thus overcome the objections of the lank and lean. Here let me ask why there are undeveloped legs? Do they not indicate physical degeneracy, neglect of athletic sports by which beauty of form is attained? Might not the revival of knee-breeches lead to greater physical culture and thereby aid in advancing the human race? To be brought face to face, or literally leg to leg with deficiencies, is the first step toward improvement.

The adoption of knee-breeches opens up vistas of esthetic delights. Imagine the brilliancy of a ball room or of an evening reception where men instead of looking like waiters and crows have donned habiliments as fitting the occasion as those worn by womankind. Instead of clerical broadcloth and stiff linen the eye falls upon

black velvet and lace ruffles, or velvet of noble colors, such as dark blue and garnet and royal purple. The mere wearing of such garments would revolutionize male society, for there is not a doubt but trousers and their adjuncts have vulgarized manners. A man in knee-breeches and lace ruffles must cultivate grace and courtliness or he becomes a lackey. If any doubt the absence of distinction inherent in modern manners, let them remark how few actors, professional or amateur, wear dress coats on the stage and appear like gentlemen. Only a man of unusual grace, like Fechter, can ennoble modern clothes.

Those Harvard students builded better than they knew, when, as a very bad joke, they marched to Oscar Wilde's lecture in Boston equipped in knee-breeches. They initiated a movement that bids fair to become a fashion before we are all dead.

Already a cabinet officer has dared to discard starched cuffs and adopt lace ruffles that set off his shapely hands; and when our representatives at Washington return to the knee-breeches of their ancestors, I venture to predict that spittoons will no longer be needed in the Capitol.

K. F.

NOTES ON DRESS.

At a recent ball given at Delmonico's, the majority of the young ladies wore black dresses with very short sleeves and very long black gloves.

Large and small poika dots are both very fashionable.

Burano is the coming lace. It is embroidered in large round dots with silk floss on a strong but sheer silk reseau of Brussels net.

Satin brocaded flowers of large size on moiré grounds, and large watered flowers on satin grounds, are the newest features in silks.

The large flowered moiré brocaded cloaks which were brought out this winter are now being sold to the most fashionable women.

Some of the new moiré silks have brocaded stripes alternating with watered ones, the brocaded flowers seeming to lie in raised patterns on a ground of lace.

A rich and heavy silk brocade, costing twenty dollars a yard, has moss roses and birds of immense size on satin grounds of black, white and five other pure tones.

Some of the summer silks, Louisines and tafetas, are in very narrow stripes with invisible cross bars under the longitudinal lines.

Underskirts of plain material will be much worn with overdresses and basque bodices of flowered and figured stuffs.

The fashion of wearing India shawls is being revived. A late importation of them and of valley cashmere has reduced their price one-third.

All fashionable coiffeures are arranged low in the back. In front they are waved or crimped but close to the head.

Fichus, jabots and large collarettes grow in popularity.

Kilt platted skirts and short tabliers arranged en panier around the hips are much worn.

Feathers and artificial flowers are generally fashionable for trimming ball dresses.

An elegant and elaborate opera-cloak has just been finished at the Co-operative Dress Association. It is of soft and silvery tinted ashes-of-roses *scillenne*, lined with rose-colored surah. A fine hand embroidery of roses and rose-buds completely covers the cloak, effectually hiding the seams. All around the garment and encircling the openings of the elbow sleeves is a border of natural gray marabout ostrich feathers. The bows are of ashes-of-roses and pale rose satin ribbon.

Furry felt, plain felt and plush bonnets will be worn until the spring millinery is opened.

It is permissible for young girls to wear very small diamond earrings and a small diamond cross around the neck suspended from a double strand of small pearls. Similar bracelets may be worn on the arms. This jewelry is only in good taste at evening parties.

Navy blue and scarlet are a favorite combination for young girls' suits.

Broché grenadine gauzes in Spanish lace patterns are brought out for the lighter parts of evening dresses. The trimmings are then of Spanish lace. This sometimes is embroidered with pearl and crystal beads.

New ruches for the throat imitate Medici fraise.

Bridal veils are of tulle and must be three and a half yards long, covering the face in front and hanging almost to the bottom of the train.

The plush hat turned up à la mousquetaire is very becoming to very young ladies and little girls.

Debutantes and brides are confined to white toilets. For others black and colored evening dresses are in vogue.

Very large flowered and rich brocades, the novel and striking designs of which seem to preclude their being used for dress purposes, are utilized in trains and tabliers.

A war between large and small hats rages in Paris. The largest hats are worn in London.

Seal skin is much worn in Paris.

Ladies who have flounces of fine old lace form them into paniers on dresses of satin, moiré or any of the gauzy tissues now worn.

ECHO SONG.

From the French.

I CALL across the rolling plain,
O mountains from your sleep awake,
O stupid rocks your slumber break,
Hear and give back my words again!"
And hark! the Echo doth rebound
In accents made the soul of sound,
Replying to my laughing voice,
"Rejoice!"

There loitereth by a flock of sheep,
Above whose clamorous bleating swells
The tinkling of their hundred bells.
In sympathy with me, the steep
Takes up the wild pell-mell of sound,
Makes jargon human in rebound,
Compels uproar to flow along
In song.

Where curves the lake's green crescent coast,
The fishers flock with net and boat,
With song and shout ashore, afloat:
Yet all the bubble of their host
Melts into music in rebound,
Confusion into tuneful sound,
One heart of overflowing cheer
I hear.

Behind me is the murmurous sigh
And rustling of the forest trees,
While loud or low as flocks the breeze
Comes song of birds afar and nigh,
And, sheaved into the one rebound,
One note on Echo's lips is found,
As if from one poetic brain,
The strain.

And thus from all the race ascends
Earth's myriad sigh and song and prayer
Of hope, of anguish, praise, despair;
But gathered into one descends
Divine—not Echo, not rebound—
One answer from the blue above,
'Tis love!

AUSTIN ANDERSON.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

EDITED BY MAX ADELER

SOME OF UNCLE REMUS'S VIEWS.

THE Rev. Jeems Henry preaches to a large colored congregation in Atlanta, and he is not only respected by his own race, but by the whites as well. He is energetic, persistent and devout, and in the midst of it all, he manages to keep an eye on Uncle Remus, in whose spiritual welfare he manifests great interest. Uncle Remus is many years older than the Rev. Jeems Henry, and his attitude toward the preacher is one of paternal respect. The old man, however, is accustomed to listen to the lectures of his young friend with an air of listless and patient indifference which, when Uncle Remus's restless and fiery disposition is taken into consideration, is the next thing to dramatic art of a very high order—if dramatic art lies anywhere in the neighborhood of simulation. Recently the two met on a street corner. Brother Jeems Henry was going forth upon a mission connected with his church, while Uncle Remus was gazing anxiously at the cloudy skies.

"Bless you, Brother Remus!" exclaimed the preacher by way of salutation. "How you come on this mighty long time?"

"Middlin', Brer Jeems Henry—des middlin'. I'm some's 'twix' de po'-house en de doctor-shop, yit I glad fum my heart dat 'tain't no wuss."

"That's what I tells 'em all, Brother Remus. They ought to be thankful for what they've got. I hope soon to see you workin' in the vineyard, Brother Remus. The harvest is waitin', an' de labor few."

"Dat so, Brer Jeems Henry; I stan's wid you dar, sho. But de mo'et w'at er ole cripple nigger lak me kin do dish yer kinder wedder is ter set down en wait for watermillion time."

"All the same, Brother Remus, the Marster's work is got to be done."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, Brer Jeems Henry, en I ain't gwinter 'spite it—kaze w'en I sees you peradin' 'roun', en promernadin' up en down wid yo' stannin' collar a stickin' up, en yo' stove-pipe hat a shinin', en yo' black frock coat a floppin', den it seem like ter me I done miss my callin'."

"How is that, Brother Remus?"

"Hit's des dis away, Brer Jeems Henry. W'en my bag er meal run dry, en my little rasher er bacon disrepear fum de cubberd, what I gwine git any mo', ceppin' I sail out and scuff de 'roun' atter it! En yit, ef I wuz stoopin' up'erds in yo' shoes, Brer Jeems Henry, dey ain't kin be much uv a scuffle."

"How so, Brother Remus?" asked the preacher with an uneasy smile.

"Monst'us easy, Brer Jeems Henry, monst'us easy. I'd 'ten' de spence meettin', like ter-night, en let drap 'er hint, en I'd 'ten' de pr'armectin', like day atter ter-morrer night, en let drap a n'er hint. By Sunday de scheme 'ud be plum ripe, en den I'd rise upen rap de congregation ter order, en line out 'Yc livin' mens, come vjew de groun'; en, und' klyver er dat, I'd sen' 'roun' de contribution plate, en, I boun' you, de nex' time folks come wishtin' 'roun' me, dey'd be a bag er meal, en a rasher er bacon, en a jug er 'lasses in de cubberd. Dat dey would, honey!"

"You doin' us both injustice when you talk in that style, Brother Remus," said the preacher.

"Ter de contraries er dat, Brer Jeems Henry," responded Uncle Remus, "I ain't mix bofe un us up in it. I des bin tellin' you 'bout de po-grance w'at a no-'count ole nigger name Remus would er laid out, perwidin' dat his streak er luck had er bin de lenk en breadt' er yone."

At this point, Brother Jeems Henry concluded to change the subject.

"Well, I wish you'd come down to class-

meetin' next Sunday, Brother Remus. A lady from Liberia is expected to make a little talk. She's at my house now, an' you might come down and get acquainted with her."

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Jeems Henry! my 'omanin days is done gone. I seen de time, en 'tain't bin so mighty long 'go, n'er, w'en I'd des jump at de chance ferter call on dish yer lady, en I'd a done yo' heart good fer ter see me sidlin' 'roun' 'er blue pidlin on top er de barn; but dat time done pas'. Ain't dish yer lady got a 'scription paper 'long wid 'er?"

"I don't know if she ain't, Brother Remus," replied Brother Jeems Henry, after a pause.

"Ah-yi! dat w'at I think. She got a 'scription paper, en she hall fum some s'clety er n'er, 'way off yan', w'at nobody ain't never year talk un, en she'll git up dar befo' you all wid a bokay er coffee weeds en pepper pods, en she'll natally intrance you wid de niceness, er dat country; en den, lo en beholes, bineby she'll out wid dat 'scription paper, en she'll say dat bein' so how dem folks 'cross dar gittin on mighty po'ly wid der coffee weeds en der pepper pods, she hope en trus' dat eve'y body'll find in sump'n a 'tain't nuffin' but a thrip; en den Brer Kastus'll slap his han' ter his jaw en raise de chune, en de money'll rattle en jingle, en de nex town w'at de lady'll strak, she'll strak it wid a bran new bonnet. No use to tell me, Brer Jeems Henry. I done bin dar. I done bin seasoned wid um."

Brother Jeems Henry here consulted an immense silver watch, while Uncle Remus went on:

"No, Brer Jeems Henry; ef you see dat lady en she ax atter me by name, you up'n tell 'er dat I sent 'er howdy, but don't go no fudder; des take yo' stan' 'oun dat. Den ef she take'n press de question, take off yo' hat en tell 'er dat wiles you wuz roamin' 'roun' you met up wid er ole nigger w'at got mo' gray ha's dar he is money, en dis ole nigger he up'n 'lowed, he did, dat ef 'tain't no fudder fum de meetin'-house ter de chicken-coop in dat Liberious country den w'at 'tis in dish Nunitid State er Georgy, den dey's lot's er trouble all 'roun' de worril. Gun 'er dat, en let 'er go."

As the preacher, smiling in spite of himself, turned to go forth upon his mission, he was followed by the sonorous voice of Uncle Remus: "Put my name in yo' pra'rs, Brer Jeems Henry!"

NAMING THE BABY.

"I THINK," said the fond mother, "that as the baby's last name is Brown, it would be better to give him some first name less common than Henry? There are eleven columns of Henry Browns in the directory."

"Thirteen, darling," said Mr. Brown; "I counted them yesterday. What we want for the baby is a unique first name, a name that will be distinct and peculiar; that will make it possible always to identify him. Isn't that it, dearest?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I have prepared a list from which we can pick. Suppose we skim over it? Let's begin with the twelve tribes of Israel. Are there any among them that you like?"

"I think not."

"How would Gad do? Gad Brown? That would be novel, ayhow?"

"But too startling perhaps?"

"Possibly. The others are all rather common. Does Ivanhoe strike you? I rather like Ivanhoe Brown. Or, if we wanted to give him a middle name we could call him Ivanhoe Alcibiades Brown."

"It is too long; and, besides I'm not certain I could always spell Alcibiades correctly in marking his underclothing."

"Plutarch, then?"

"Mr. Brown, that's outrageous!"

"Outrageous, love! Plutarch! Why what do you mean?"

"No child of mine shall ever be named after the god of the infernal regions!"

Mr. Brown explained the blunder and passed on.

"What do you say then to Galileo? There is not a single Galileo Brown in the directory."

"Was Galileo an Israelite?"

"No, love, I think not."

"I thought from his name perhaps he came from Galilee," said Mrs. Brown, thoughtfully.

Mr. Brown was too much astonished to try to explain. He resumed the reading of his list:

"Pelaliah is a Scriptural name. Would you care for Pelaliah? Pelaliah Brown?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Brown. "It sounds like an impeachment of the dear child's veracity. I don't think we ought to start him in life with an insinuation that he will be a story-teller."

"It might not be right. Suppose then we call him Petrarch?"

"Is that a Bible name?"

"No, love, not a Bible name."

"To be sure not; I was thinking of St. Peter. I think, William, I should prefer an American name of some kind if we could find one."

"Patrick Henry, for example?"

"That is Irish."

"No; you know Patrick Henry was an American. He was a celebrated patriot; don't you remember?"

"It may seem very stupid, but I always had the idea, somehow, that there were twins, one named Patrick and the other Henry!"

Mr. Brown concealed his feelings and turned a new leaf of his list.

"I have a few Aztec names," said he, "that belong on this continent and that are marked by strong individuality. Tegozomoc, for instance. He was an Aztec king."

"Was his last name Brown?"

"I think not. No, I am certain it wasn't, and there was Nezahualcoyotl; he was a king too."

"Our child could never put such a name as that on an umbrella handle."

"True," said Mr. Brown. "The king probably had no umbrella. Spotted Tail however is a native American name, which?"

"And you would give that name to your child—your own child?"

"I don't know. Spotted Tail Brown might answer for."

Mrs. Brown suddenly flitted out of the room

with a remark intimating that she was going home to her mother's. After she had had a good cry, Mr. Brown folded up his list and agreed to call the child Thomas.

AN IMPROVED CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

IF Congress resolve to act upon the suggestion made by Senator Miller that the *Congressional Record* be issued as a weekly and sent to every family in the country, some modification ought to be made of the contents of the *Record*. The paper is much too heavy and dismal in its present condition to be welcomed in the ordinary American household. Perhaps it might have a puzzle department, and if so one of the first puzzles could take the shape of an inquiry how it happens that so many Congressmen get rich on five thousand dollars a year. The department of Answers to Correspondents could be enriched with references to letters from office-seekers, and the department of Household Economy could contain explanations of how the members frank their shirts home through the post-office so as to get them in the family wash. As for the general contents, describing the business proceedings in the Senate and the House, we recommend that these should be put into the form of verse. We should treat them, say, something in this fashion:

Mr. Hill

Introduced a bill
To give John Smith a pension.

Mr. Bayard

Talked himself tired,
But said nothing worthy of mention.

This would be succinct, musical and in a degree impressive. The youngest readers could grasp the meaning of it and it could easily be committed to memory. Or a scene in the House might be depicted in such terms as these:

A very able speech was made by Cox of Minnesota Respecting the necessity of protecting the black voter. 'Twas indignantly responded to by Smith of Alabama, Whose abominable talk was silenced by the Speaker's hammer.

Then Atkinson of Kansas rose to make an explanation, But was pulled down by a colleague in a state of indignation.

And Mr. Alexander, in a speech about insurance, Taxed the patience of his hearers pretty nearly past endurance.

After which Judge Whitaker denounced the reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii as a scandalous monstrosity.

It would be advisable of course to vary the metre as much as possible in order to prevent the monotony which would otherwise dull the interest of the reader.

After giving the proceedings in the House as above, something of a more spirited nature perhaps could be inserted into the Senate reports. Suppose, for example, the pages devoted to the Senate should lead off with something of this kind:

Then up rose Smith of Florida, the best of the debaters, And spoke about his measure for protecting alligators; He showed how tourists shoot at them without regard for reason.

And asked to have it made a crime to kill them out of season.

Then Brown he moved amendment by inserting a brief clause

Compelling alligators not to operate their jaws; But Smith he up and said of him who thought the subject comical.

That Nature, when she gave him sense, had been too economical.

And Brown, responding briefly, wished to say in this connection

That Smith in guarding reptiles had an eye to self-protection.

Then Smith he flung a volume of the Message and Reports,

And Brown was laid upon the floor a good deal out of sorts.

Of course versification of the *Congressional Record* would require the services of a poet laureate of rather unusual powers. If Congress shall accept seriously the suggestions which we make with an earnest desire to promote the public interest, we shall venture to recommend the selection of the Sweet Singer of Michigan as the first occupant of the laureate's office.

ESTRAYS.

—FRITZ has named his dog Non Sequitur, because it does not follow.

—CESAR was just as bitter as the Gaul he conquered.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—A MAN is like a fog when he is an extreme mist.—*Marathon Independent*.

—THE "fours of habit" said the gambler, softly, as he dealt himself all the aces in the pack.

—THE good that men do may be interred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

—SOME one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

—BRONSON ALCOTT says: "The blonde type is nearest to the divine likeness." Very few newspapers use the blonde type.—*Binghamton Republican*.

—YES," said the farmer, "barbed wire fence is expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest for five minutes on the top of it every time he has to climb it."—*Boston Post*.

—MUSTAPHA BEY, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. He is bound to have one around when wanted. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

—IN the mountains—Arabella (whose soul is wrapped in science): "Charles, isn't this gnese?" Charles (who is deeply interested in Arabella): "Nice! It's delicious."

—THE chap who sent us a poem beginning "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rosy sea," has since married Rosa Lee, and now the weekly dews are falling fast upon him.—*Toledo American*.

—AT a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were in a ton. He was sharp enough to reply: "Maybe you think I'm going to give it away, and get licked when I go home!"—*Boston Post*.

—THE Philadelphia magazine editor who printed Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" as a new thing protests that an editor can't be expected to be familiar with everything in English literature. That is what the country editor who published Longfellow's "Excelsior" as the product of a gifted young

lady "in our village, whose ability is only exceeded by her modesty," said.—*Boston Herald*.

—"WHAT is that, mother?" "It is the Legislature, my child." "What does it do, mother?" "It repeats acts passed by the Legislature, my child."

—AN esthetic poet wrote: "The muses kias with lips of flame," but when he found the second word printed "mules" he talked like a burly pirate for five minutes.

—"You take a lode off my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said to the speculative purchaser. . . . "I'll be hanged if I don't," said the convict when asked whether he intended to apply for a pardon.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

—DOCTOR, to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is extinct? Nonsense! You take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

—AN Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

—MARVIN, who married so many women, was sent to the penitentiary for ten years. A painful expression shoots over Mr. Marvin's bronzed features when he reflects that if he had only settled in Utah he might now have been in Congress.

—"Is your wife a Democrat or Republican?" asked one Rockland citizen of another in a store this morning. "She's neither," was the prompt response; and then glancing cautiously around, and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, he explained, "she's a Home-Ruler."

—THEY tell a story of a witness who stated that he had read "Gulliver's Travels," the stories of Munchausen, and the "Flying Wife," including "Robinson Crusoe," and believed them all; but that Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" was a little more than he could stand.

—A PARISIAN is telling a resident of fair Marseilles about the Siamese twins which he had seen at Paris. "Very interesting, I dare say—for Paris. We had a pair of Siamese twins like that at Marseilles a good many years ago, but they weren't brothers!"—*French Paper*.

—Two men discussing the wonders of modern science. Said one: "Look at astronomy, now; men have learned the distances to the stars, and with the spectroscope they have even found out the substances they are made of." "Yes," said the other, "but strangest of all to me is how they found out all their names."—*New York Post*.

—"How did you like Europe?" "It's too splendid for anything!" was the reply. "And were you sick?" "Yes, awfully sick." "And was your husband good to you?" "Oh, he was too good for anything! Just as soon as he found out I was sick he went and drank salt water, so as to be sea-sick in unison with me, and I'm not his second wife, either!"

—Two "loafers" in the Jardin des Plantes are staring at the boa constrictor, which, after the fashion of boa constrictors, has curled its tail up at the tip. "Hallo!" says one loafer, "why has he tied himself in a knot?" The other man reflects for a moment and then replies: "Oh, that's because there was something he wanted to remember." And they both went on staring.—*Cham*.

—THE tide goes out and the tide comes in, And gulls hang white as the water's shore; Our ears grow used to the water's din, And we heed the birds' quaint flight no more.

So what does it count that the sun goes down, That waves roll out and the roses fall, That eyelids close over smile or frown? Ay, what does it count us after all?

—POET Who Forgot What He Started to Write About.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—OLD Aunt Sukey, who lives on Austin Avenue, is known to be the stingiest woman in the city. Old Mose cut up a load of tough oak wood for her a few days ago, and she refused to pay him more than a quarter, about half the usual price. "Aunt Sukey," said Mose, "I wish you had been in de Garden ob Eden instead ob Ebe." "What do yer mean, Uncle Mose?" "Nuffin', 'cept you are so stingy ef you had been Ebe yer would hab eat de hull apple yerself an' not gtb Adam none, and we would hab escaped de cuss."—*Texas Siftings*.

—A GENTLEMAN of Port Jervis, N. Y., has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies come at once?" A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about smallpox, at once interrupted and said with much animation, "I know, papa." "Well, what do they call it?" said the father. "An epidemic," said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge.

—AN Iowa paper tells of two lovers who were permanently separated by the interposition of a "cold cloud of realism." Being freely interpreted this means probably that they were not kindred souls. The circumstance recalls the instance of a romantic young lady who had a very fine head of hair. One evening when her affianced stood gazing very inquisitively at it in the moonlight, she said with much feeling: "John, are you thinking that each one of these hairs is like a golden cord binding you to happiness?" "Well, no," he answered mechanically, "I was thinking what a nice mosquito-net they would make."

—SAID a prominent New York clergyman in a recent sermon: "I know a man who once was noted as a bank burglar. He was accounted one of the worst criminals, and the powerful arm of the law was ever stretched out to arrest him. My friends, that man suddenly saw the wickedness of his way, and joined church. To-day he is employed as a collector for one of the great gas companies of this city, and every day he is intrusted with sums varying from five hundred to six hundred dollars." In the opinion of some folks, Mr. Clergyman, that man hasn't made a very long stride away from the business of robbery, we can just tell you.—*Boston Post*.